THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUG. 20, '04

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DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

The
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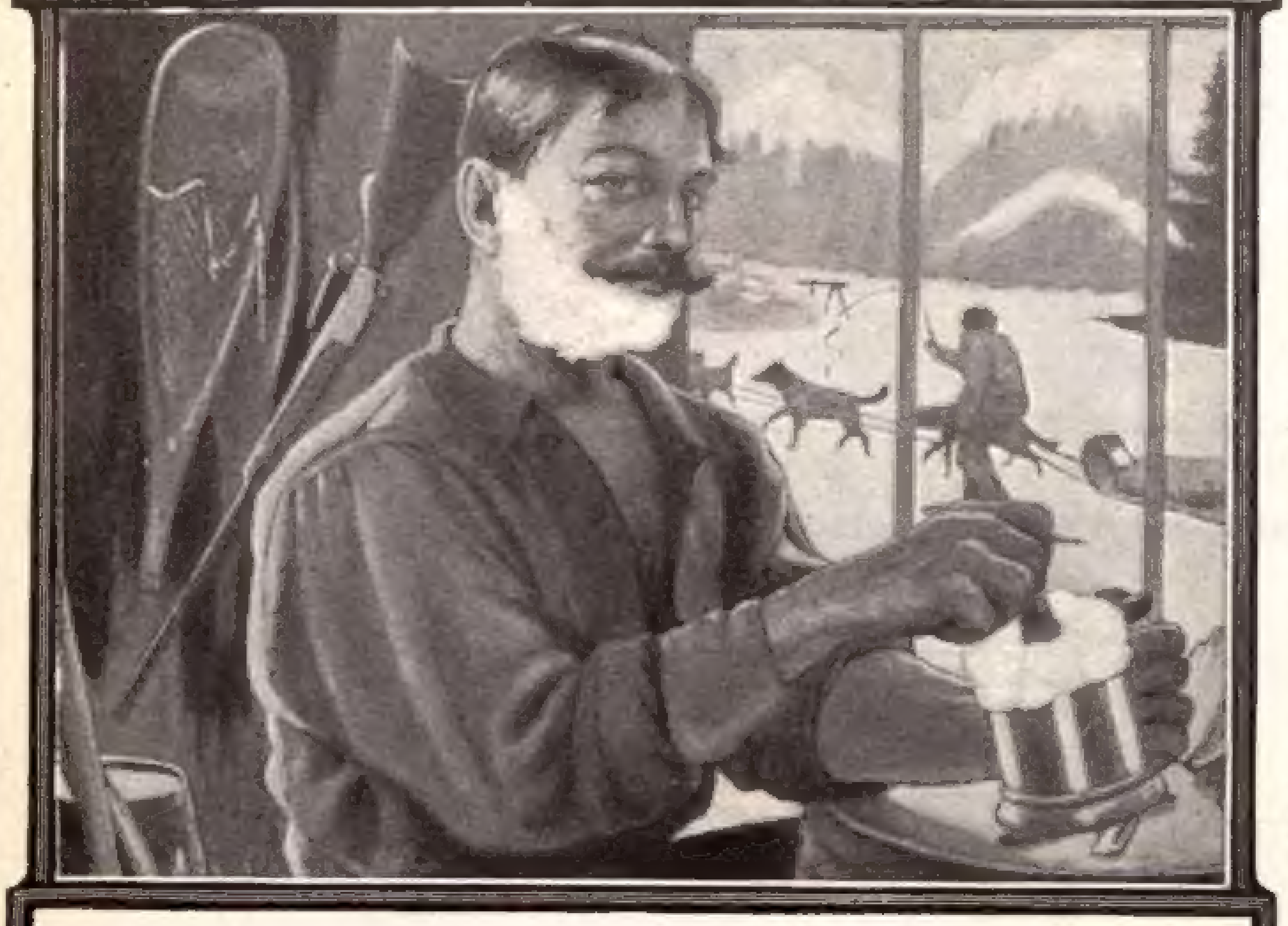
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



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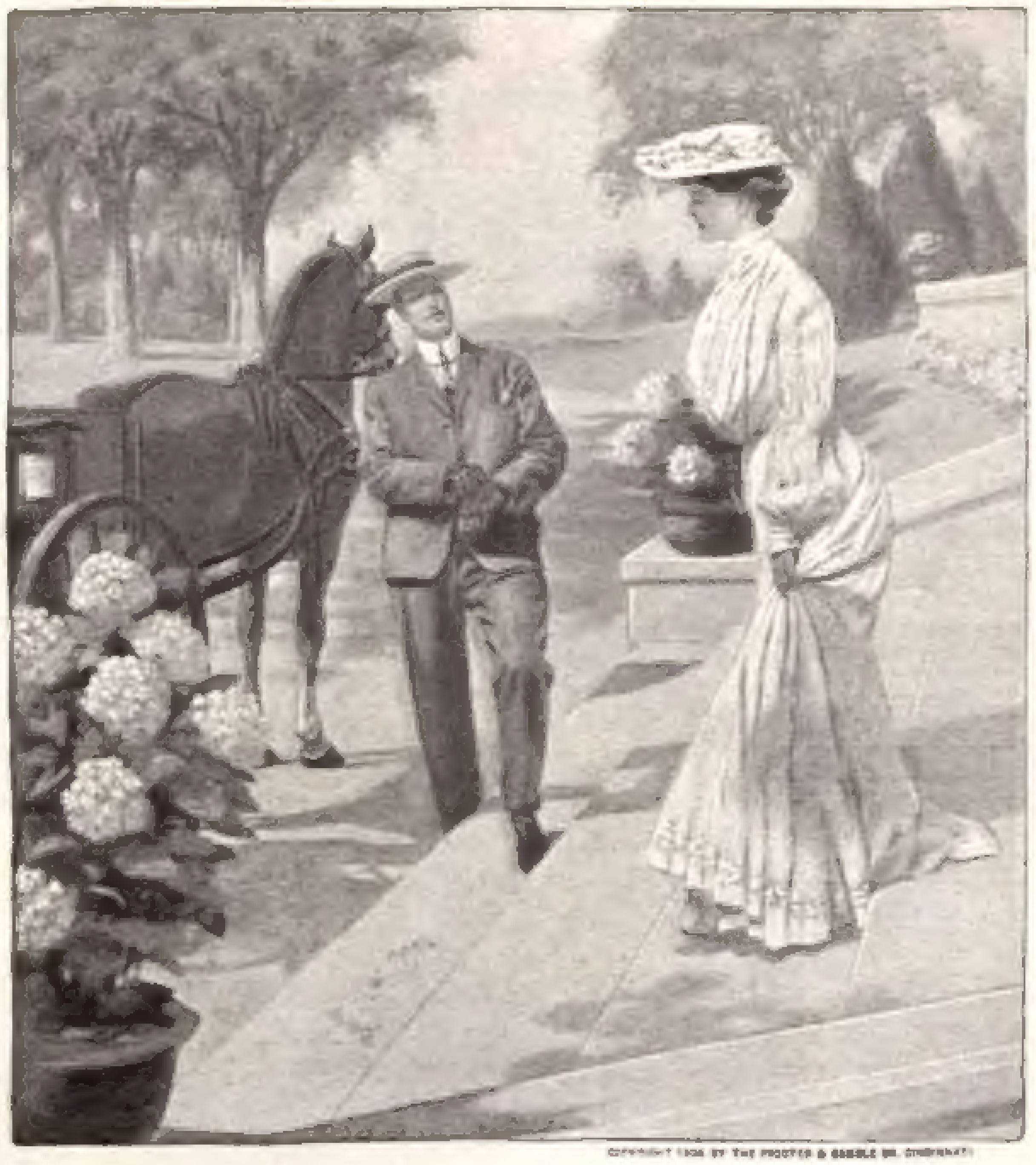

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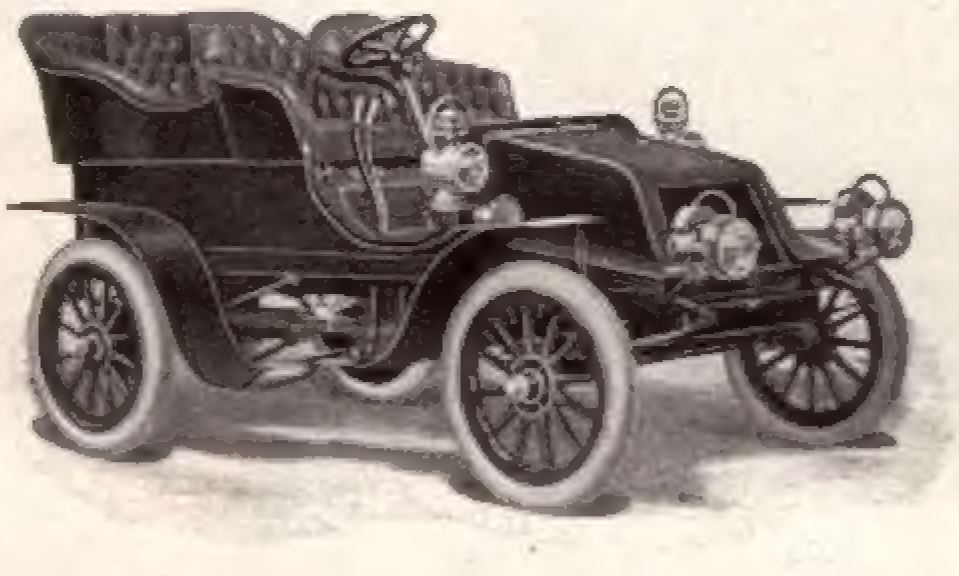

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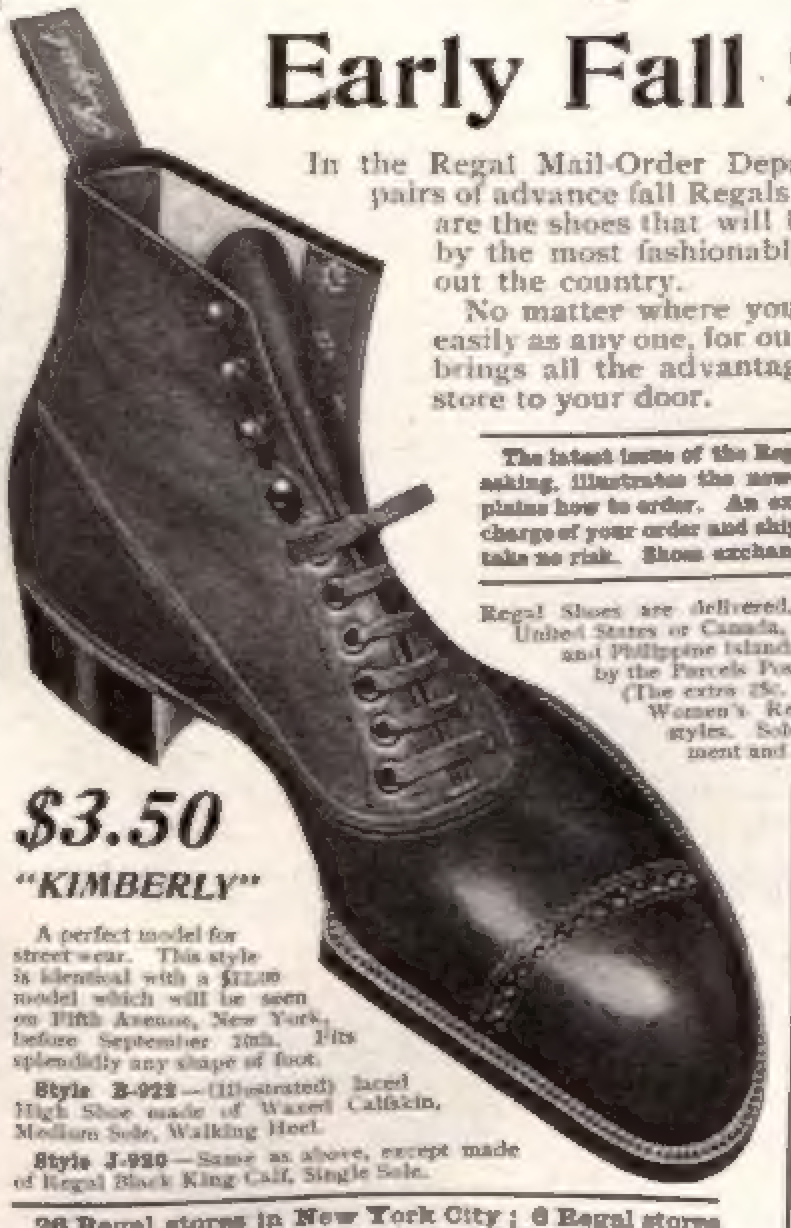

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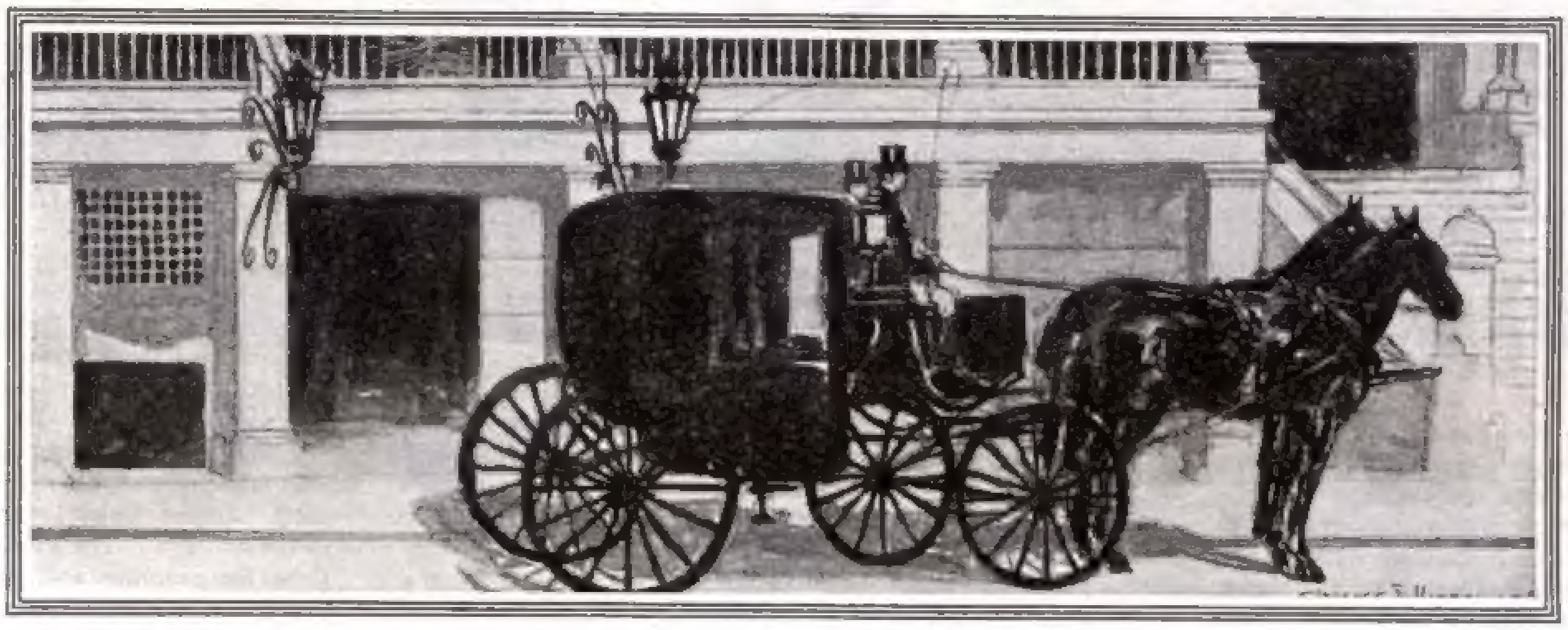
THE LAP OF LUXURY



How it is Made Soft to the Favored Few

BY RENÉ BACHE

LUXURY grows by what it feeds upon. Its appetite is insatiable, and in these modern days, when fortunes are become so enormous that the owners find it difficult to spend their incomes, many people make a handsome living by inventing new methods of spending money. Whether it be in the way of dress, of equipage, of household decoration, of supplies for the table, or what not, the urgent requirement is for something novel and expensive. Cost is not considered, except as an enhancement of whatever may seem desirable. Indeed, the more costly a thing is, the better, if only for the reason that an extravagant price puts it out of reach of the ordinary, whose possession of it would render it commonplace, if not vulgar.

The demand is necessarily progressive, for the luxury of to-day is the bare necessity of a short time hence, when something fresh and yet more expensive will have to be devised. In New York, the greatest centre of wealth in the world, one has a better opportunity than anywhere else to observe this social phenomenon. It has many phases, all of which are interesting, but in none of them, perhaps, are its manifestations more striking than in the development of hotel and apartment-house life.

The stranger in New York gazes with much interest and not a little awe upon one or more huge hostelries which are on a scale that seems to touch the topmost point of imaginable gorgeousness. Ordinary adjectives are not adequate to describe them, and to call them palatial would be to use a grossly insufficient term. In respect of luxury, nothing conceivable appears to be omitted, and at all hours their lobbies, reception-rooms and banqueting-halls are thronged by well-dressed and well-bred people, who must have plenty of money to be able to pay the prices charged.

To the stranger's eye these places are obviously the metropolitan centres of wealth and fashion, and it is not surprising that he should so suppose. Yet he is altogether mistaken. The fact is that the rich and fashionable folk, who formerly did frequent the caravansaries described, have been driven away by the bustle of the multitude. They are to be found, when they go to hotels and restaurants, at quieter and even more expensive inns, farther uptown, where the commercial atmosphere is absent, where dignified exclusiveness reigns, and where the patronage of persons who lack the proper social recognition is distinctly discouraged.

When Rent Day Comes Around

IN POINT of luxuriousness these new hotels are as far ahead of the great caravansaries (which, half-a-dozen years ago, represented the "top notch") as the latter were beyond anything that preceded them. On a comparatively small scale, with accommodations for only two hundred or three hundred guests, their prices are such as might well appal anybody of moderate purse. In fact, they seek the patronage only of the very rich — of people, that is to say, who have a great deal of money to spend and are willing to spend it.

Now at the point of completion, on an uptown corner, is a hostelry which, for the moment, touches the high-water mark, so to speak, of elegance and expensiveness. It is not an apartment house, mind you, but an inn, with three hundred rooms. It contains furniture that cost a million and a half of dollars, and its capacity is reckoned by its proprietors at only two hundred guests — exclusively adults. Under no circumstances will a child be admitted to its spacious and expensively-decorated precincts.

The principal reason for the rule excluding children is that they are a menace to the expensive furnishings. A small and thoughtless boy might do thousands of dollars worth of damage in a few minutes — a possibility easy to realize when walls are covered with satin damask, in lieu of paper, at $17.50 a yard, and when the sofas, chairs and tables in a single room represent an expenditure of $4000 to $10,000.

This, by the way, affords a rather striking illustration of the manner in which the growth of luxury tends to discourage the multiplication of the human species. Apparently, when a certain point of gorgeousness is reached, the child becomes not only an inconvenience but an impossibility. There is nothing to do, under such circumstances, but to eliminate him from the domestic equation. In many of the "swellest" metropolitan apartment houses the same rule of exclusion governs.

Naturally, the passing of child life from the communal dwellings of the very rich removes one of the principal incitements to matrimony among people of that class. Hotels and apartment houses let some of their handsomest "suites" to bachelors, guaranteeing "all the comforts of home," and only the other day the real-estate columns of the newspapers made record of the renting of a group of "fifteen rooms and four baths," immediately opposite a fashionable club, to the young daughter of a recently deceased Wall Street broker. This "bachelor maid" pays $15,000 for her apartments, unfurnished.

The price quoted was far from excessive, relatively to market rates. A man and his wife, at a near-by apartment house on Fifth Avenue, pay $15,000 a year for nine rooms, and (having a long lease) recently spent $60,000 in decorating the walls and ceilings. This, be it understood, is without a stick of furniture, and with no provision for meals. You can rent one of the best three-room suites in the same establishment, unfurnished, for $4000 per annum.

Fifteen thousand dollars a year is to-day about the maximum rental for an unfurnished apartment in New York, but furnished rooms run much higher. At the new child-excluding hotel, already spoken of, $12,500 is the price for a sitting-room, two bedrooms and two baths. For a suite of five rooms, with two baths, you must pay from $100 to $150 a day, but by the year you may get it for $20,000 to $25,000. Seven hundred dollars a week is a pretty reasonable transient rate for such an apartment — not, of course, to include meals.

It seems like a good deal of money, but it really isn't much when one comes to reckon the equivalent obtained. To begin with, not a little satisfaction is to be derived from knowing that one is living in a palace more luxurious, and in most respects more beautiful, than any inhabited by monarchs to-day. It is something, also, to realize that one's daily fare is unsurpassed by that of princes, and that one is literally surrounded by objects — pieces of furniture, bronzes, marbles, etc. — which are accurately reproduced from originals in royal homes. The dwellings of royalty abroad have been literally ransacked for treasures to adorn the newest New York hotels, and many articles of "bigotry and virtue" that could not be purchased outright have been copied for the gratification and education of the American art-appetite.

Now, if there be wonder how such sums as those a while ago mentioned could be spent on the furnishing of an apartment, let it be realized that the wall-covering for a moderate-sized room, of silk or brocaded satin at $17.50 a yard, may easily cost $400 or $500. Add to this $300 a window for curtains, with $300 a door for portières, and you have only a beginning. A furniture set of Circassian walnut will come to $2000, uncovered, and will touch $4000 when finished with fabric to correspond to the walls. It is absolutely necessary that the sofas and chairs shall match the wall-covers, and, if the latter happen to be handloom silk tapestry, at $40 a yard, the outfit is liable to run up to $10,000.

This is for one room, mark you. Occasionally the walls are covered with hand-embroidered silk or satin, made in Paris, which may cost $60 or more a yard, and the same material must adorn the furniture, which, for a reception-room, may comprise a "canapé," two "marquise" chairs, a couple of "duchess" chairs, a pair of light gilt chairs, a table, an overstuffed sofa, and three or four other articles. The canapé is something like a sofa, and yet not quite the same. Relatively to the purpose for which it is intended, the distinction between a sofa and a canapé is the difference between the thing that isn't the thing and the thing that is. Does the writer make himself perfectly clear? As for the "duchess" and "marquise" chairs, they are simply armchairs of fashionable patterns, nearly broad enough for two.

Mahogany Not Expensive Enough

IF Mr. and Mrs. Midas occupy the same bedroom they have "twin beds" — the old-style "double bed" is altogether out of date, fashionably speaking — and between them is a sort of table called a "somnoe," on which is an electric light that can readily be put in any desired position. The light is half-covered by an opaque green shade, so that it may be used for reading, in case of wakefulness, without shedding a glare around, to the disturbance of a near-by sleeper. At the foot of the beds, placed crossways, is a "slumber couch," for daytime naps, with a movable head which can be adjusted at any height for comfort. An overstuffed armchair, two "lady's chairs," with backs designed to fit the feminine shape, a couple of every-day chairs, a chiffonier, a dressing-table, a cheval-glass, and an arrangement of mirrors known as a "costumer," complete the furniture of the room.

The woods employed in the manufacture of such luxurious furniture are enormously expensive. Ordinary mahogany, though of the finest quality, is hardly good enough, because too cheap. White mahogany (of which most people have never heard) is considerably used, and so likewise is satinwood, but the choicest and most highly esteemed material at

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Editor's Note — This is the first in a series of articles on modern luxury by Mr. Bache. The second will appear shortly.

present is Circassian walnut. It costs more than anything else, and has the additional advantage of a structure that shows to beautiful advantage when the cut surface has been polished by hand to a velvety gloss.

One rather striking fact relating to the subject here discussed is that whereas, a dozen years ago, an allowance of one servant to every three persons entertained at a first-class hotel was considered adequate, to-day the ratio is inverted, and three servants for each patron are deemed requisite. The new inn uptown, already spoken of, which expects to accommodate only two hundred people, will have seventy-five cooks and assistants in its kitchen, not counting waiters. Each male guest will command the services of a valet, who will press his clothes, help him to dress, and assist him at the bath. For the women similar duties will be performed by neat and competent maids.

An Army of Servants

IT IS when the minor details of every-day life are considered that one realizes most vividly the advantages of wealth. Take, for example, the item of bathing. Mr. Midas' porcelain tub may be duplicated by any citizen of moderate means, but not so the room, walled and floored with slabs of marble, in which it stands. Your tub, perhaps, is provided with a rubber sheet, to confine the water-spray when you indulge in a shower, and you think it a luxury; but the millionaire would turn up his nose at so primitive a contrivance, one objection to which is that it has a smell offensive to his highly-educated nostrils. The hotel servants supply him, for his shower-bath, with curtains of linen duck, which are changed every day.

In the management of an up-to-date hotel it is required as a matter of course that every sleeping-room shall have its bath. One of the great caravansaries above mentioned boasts of eight hundred bathrooms, which, however, though beautiful, are not comparable in point of luxuriousness with accommodations of like kind in the newer and smaller hostelries, where snowy tiles give place to marble, with such minor improvements as an "exhaust" to carry away the steam, knobs on the wall for turning the water on and off, a horizontal rod of glass to afford a safe hand-hold when one gets into or out of the tub, and (as a final attraction) a door composed of a huge mirror of imported plate glass.

In the up-to-date hotel or apartment house the problems incidental to ordinary home life disappear. There is no servant question. The table supplies itself, and meals are served in the rooms if desired. Food costs from $10 to $20 a day for each person, excluding wines, but, with the admirable service, it is worth the money, if one is able to pay. Mr. Midas may, if he wishes, employ his own butler and maids, using his own private crockery and silverware. Every imaginable comfort, indeed, is at his command, with none of the inconveniences and annoyances to which common mortals are exposed.

There is a commodious pantry on every floor, to which the family butler (if Mr. Midas keeps one) has free access. It has a plate-warmer, cold-storage boxes for perishable articles, a coffee-urn, and a dumbwaiter — with which equipment the French breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls and fruit, can be served at a moment's notice. In the absence of a butler the floor waiter will fetch the repast. For other meals Mrs. Midas has simply to decide upon the menu, and, in response to an order sent to the kitchen by telephone, the viands are shot upstairs. The dumbwaiter-shaft has concrete walls and copper doors, while the shelved carriage is of steel, so that chafing-dishes can be transmitted with lamps lighted, avoiding a chill fatal to the best possibilities of their contents.

The Kitchen a Domestic Laboratory

THE kitchen, in the basement, is in its way a scientific laboratory, all of its apparatus being constructed and arranged on the most improved principles. The cooks at the ranges stand in a current of fresh air, which, as it rises, carries out and away the fumes of frying and broiling, as well as the heat. The vegetable steamers and soup-boilers are likewise ingeniously ventilated, to get rid of their odors, and in each of a dozen huge ice-boxes a powerful electric fan revolves, keeping the air dry. This last, by the way, is a new invention.

In the "*garde-manger*," which is a separate apartment devoted to the storage of meats and other edibles all ready to be cooked, the chops are placed in wire trays, side by side, no individual chop being allowed to lie on top of another. It is a small illustration of the careful methods that govern the scientific kitchen. The whole place is ablaze with electric lights, and everything is spotlessly clean. Every drop of water used is both filtered and boiled, and the great tables employed for bread-making and other purposes, though they look like marble, are in reality of opal glass, which, unlike the stone, does not absorb dirt, grease and microbes. The dough for the bread is kneaded by electricity, and the ice cream is made by an electrically-operated freezer. Even the eggs are cooked by a machine, which lifts them out of the boiling water at the end of the precise number of minutes for which it is set. The most captious guest, one may suppose, could hardly cavil at the mathematically-cooked egg, the freshness of which has been previously ascertained by examination with the aid of an electric lamp.

Mrs. Midas, when she goes to a closet in her hotel apartment to look for an article of apparel, is not obliged to grope. The opening of the door releases a button in the jamb, thereby completing a circuit, and instantly there is a flood of light from an electric lamp above the top shelf. When she closes the door the lamp is extinguished. It is a small matter, of course, but a luxury, none the less, of a kind that appeals to any housewife. Very likely it will be found in many private houses a few years from now, but as yet it is a novelty.

Avoidance of glare is the principle on which the lighting of the rooms is managed. The pressure of a finger on a single button near the door ignites the electric candles that are arranged in sconces around the walls, and a touch upon another button causes groups of bulbs at the middle and in the corners of the ceiling to blaze. But the lights are veiled by ground glass, and the whole effect is of a diffused illumination, soothing to the eyes. There is no dazzle.

On the mantelpiece of the reception-room belonging to each suite there will be, perhaps, a Louis Quinze candelabrum — no two of them alike, but all of them accurately copied from originals of the highest artistic merit. Accompanying the candelabrum will be a clock of the same period, which may be relied upon as a timekeeper, inasmuch as it is electrically controlled by a master-clock in the hotel office. There is a long-distance telephone in every apartment, supplemented by the internal telephone system connecting all parts of the hostelry, and in every room is a little instrument which has only to be touched in order to make the air warmer or cooler, as may be desired. If it is not warm enough a pressure of the finger will open a duct and cause more hot air to flow in with the current supplied by the automatic ventilator.

Economy Spells Vulgarity

ALL the corridors of the hotel are walled with white marble, beautiful to the eye. The doors of the rooms are of the costly Circassian walnut, and the floors are of granite chips and concrete — fireproof, bugproof and ratproof. Every window-frame is of bronze, and each window is double, to keep out cold in winter and dust at all times, the sashes opening inward like doors. The pictures on the walls (if the apartment is furnished) are not paintings, which are deemed more appropriate to private houses, but signed proofs of fine engravings and costly antique prints; French and English.

Nature expends her decorative effects upon the visible side of things — as witness the two aspects of a leaf — but Mr. Midas can afford to make both sides of his belongings, whether he owns or hires them, equally beautiful. Thus, in a hotel of the class here described, the satin-damask or silk-tapestry curtains, at $17.50 to $40 a yard, must have linings of the same material. There must be no cheaper side to anything, because, if it were to be discovered, it would suggest an attempt to economize. How fatal to propriety, from the viewpoint of a gentleman of wealth, would such a notion be!

As a small matter of detail, one notices, from a glance at the bill-of-fare at any of the most modern hotels, that champagne has become a cheap drink. A few years ago it was the typical costly beverage, but to-day it is inexpensive, relatively speaking. The highest-priced brands are quoted on the wine-card at not more than $6 a quart, while Rhine wine runs up to $25 a bottle, and claret (of choice vintage, guaranteed by a brand on the cork) touches $30!

A famous metropolitan hotel stands on the site formerly occupied by the mansion of one of New York's oldest and proudest families. In the erection of it the builders have carefully preserved one part of the earlier dwelling — namely, the dining-room, with the original walls, floor and ceiling. The room has been taken up bodily into the modern structure of steel, and even the furniture and drapery are the same as used to adorn it. Thus translated, so to speak, from a relatively ancient period, it is to-day a favorite place for the giving of dinner parties, and on almost every evening in the year it is the scene of festivities which doubtless are made more enjoyable to the guests by their knowledge of the fact that they are being entertained in precincts of historic and aristocratic exclusiveness.

If you are a multi-millionaire there is no good reason why you should be content with cheap and commonplace surroundings. The "state apartments" of the modern hotel, which are copied exactly after rooms in royal palaces abroad, will furnish you with an appropriate and satisfactory environment. Possibly the furniture may seem a little stiff, and the *prie-dieu* in the Francis I sleeping chamber may appear to lack practical usefulness; but the repose to be enjoyed in a monarch's bedstead with a carved wooden roof ought to be exceptionally peaceful, and the real Gobelin tapestries which take the place of wall-paper in the adjoining Henry IV reception-room should contribute not a little to the pleasure of living.

A trifling detail of luxury, but still worth mentioning, is the box for boots in your closet. You drop your shoes into it at night, and in the morning you find them there, freshly blacked. The interior of the box is accessible to the floor-porter from the hallway by a little door to which he has the key, and thus the necessity of putting your footgear out in the entry (a most inelegant practice) is obviated.

The Simple Life Too Simple

WHEN you arrive in town (if the hotel be notified in advance) a dignified and capable man in uniform will meet you at the railroad station, or at the wharf, and will relieve you of all anxieties in regard to baggage. On your departure you will be an object of the same thoughtful solicitude, and even your packing will be done, if desired, by professional experts in the employ of the establishment.

Great sums are spent nowadays in dinner-giving at the fashionable hotels. It is not the food that costs, relatively speaking, nor yet the wines, but the decorations, which frequently are on a scale of extravagance quite amazing. The proprietor of one of the most expensive metropolitan hostelries recently said that the best possible dinner could be served, without wines, at $15 a plate, including every delicacy in or out of season. With wines the meal would come to $25 a cover. But, he added, there was no limit to the money that might be squandered on flowers and other incidentals.

If it were only flowers the expenditure need not be so very great, even when walls are banked with orchids and the table spread beneath a bower of roses at $1 a piece. But the really "swell" dinner, which touches the top notch of extravagance, requires *scenery*. The meal is merely incidental.

Take, for example, a dinner of the Equestrian Club, given not long ago at a Fifth Avenue hotel. Thirty-two gentlemen partook of it, seated on horseback, the food being served on little tables attached to the pommel of each saddle. It may not have been comfortable, but it was undeniably original. Waiters attired as grooms served the courses, with the help of mounting-blocks, and the menus were printed on little saddles, just like real ones, made at a harness factory.

At another dinner, given by the same club, the dining-room was arranged to represent a rural landscape, with trees, shrubs, and beds of growing tulips and hyacinths. The doors and walls were hidden by verdure, and large mirrors, with bits of fence artfully disposed here and there, gave the effect of long, shady lanes. The floor was covered with stage grass, and live ducks swam about in real water. It was like a scene in fairyland. The table was in the shape of a horse's head, the eyes, nostrils, mouth and bridle being done in flowers, and during the banquet a small boy drove around the festive board a pony hitched to a barrel on wheels, festooned with grapes, which was filled with magnums of champagne.

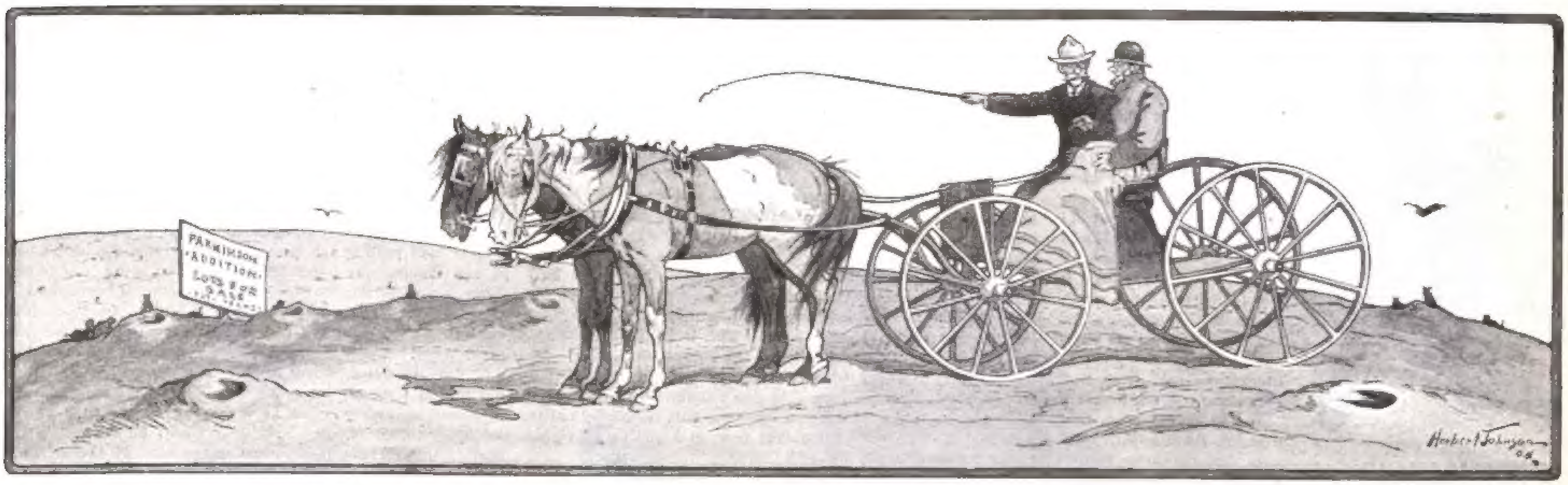
To meet the demand for new ideas in dinner-giving, ingenuity is well-nigh exhausted. At a recent entertainment of the kind, enjoyed by the Kettle Club of Philadelphia, which is a hunting and fishing organization, the room was disguised to imitate a forest glade, with real trees (in concealed tubs), to one of which a horse was hitched, caparisoned for the chase. The ceiling was covered with blue cloth, to represent the sky, and there was a moon, with twinkling electric stars. In the centre rose a mound, on which stood a huge kettle twenty-eight feet in diameter and twenty-five feet high. The kettle was provided with a door, and inside of it was a circular table, about which the guests sat.

Dinner at Two Hundred Dollars a Plate

TWO hundred dollars a plate is not overmuch to pay for dinners of this highly picturesque description. But the cost of them may be run up almost indefinitely higher by including in the bill expensive souvenir gifts, such as jeweled scarfpins, or brooches if women are among the guests.

The appetite for luxury in these modern days finds expression in a great variety of ways, but in none of them does it make itself so publicly obvious and conspicuous as in the hotel life of great cities. It is for this reason more than any other, perhaps, that these communal habitations of the "little brothers and sisters of the rich" afford an interesting subject of inquiry to the student of sociology — a branch of scientific investigation which, fortunately, the modest seeker after knowledge is able to pursue without having so much as a single penny in his pocket.

The Fall of a Financier


PARKINSON ADDITION LOTS FOR SALE

BY WILL PAYNE

PARKINSON was living in Setting Sun, Kansas, when the boom happened. Like everybody else in town who could sign a contract, he "got in." Like everybody else, he made money rapidly. Then a scaffolding fell on him and he was carried to the hospital, while his neighbors went on madly buying corner-lot options of one another, and that was why, when the boom suddenly collapsed, he had $13,000 in the bank—the one that stayed solvent. Thus, at thirty-one, his eyes were opened to the fact, theretofore unsuspected, that he had a talent for high finance.

He next went up to Nebraska and made several deals in school-land leases, doubling his capital. By that time his eyes were wide open, and he engaged in an important speculation in mining stocks at Cripple Creek—something larger and faster than real estate, better suited to a high order of genius. In six weeks he was pretty thoroughly cleaned out. He had a suspicion that the two gentlemen from Texas with whom he went into a pool had trimmed him; but he was too much a financier to mention it. He shook hands with them genially and pulled out for Chicago with the $1200 he had left.

He admitted that going into mining was a mistake. He should have stuck to real estate, which was his natural hold.

By that time real estate in Setting Sun was, as the Sentinel expressed it, "quiet," the only transactions consisting of sales under foreclosure. Cows browsed peacefully over the subdivisions. The traffic in school-land leases had been overdone to the extent of breaking the last batch of purchasers. Parkinson wished a more dependable field of operation—one in which you could leave a boom out over night with some hope of finding it again in the morning, where values were at least permanent enough so they wouldn't melt away while you were running to a safe-deposit vault with them. So he chose Chicago.

He sat behind the broad plate-glass window of the Antiseptic Hotel, on Madison Street, his feet on the window sill, his long legs doubled up so that his knees were as high as his head, his body far down in the chair—for he usually sat on his shoulder blades and the small of his back—studying the column of small ads. headed "Business Opportunities." Over one opportunity in particular he tugged long and thoughtfully at the drooping reddish mustache which looked exactly of a piece with his sandy, sunburned face and the ends of which he attempted to eat from time to time. Finally he stepped over and asked the clerk where Dearborn Street was.

There was no elevator in the building on that thoroughfare to which he went, but he did not mind climbing two easy flights of stairs to the door marked Wellington J. Jones & Co., Real Estate. The building, the door and the office itself had an aged and neglected air, but there were two rooms of fair size.

In the first room a bony and demure young woman, with a nose so long that it someway looked sad, stopped beating the keys of a typewriter, and glanced up at the lank caller. She admitted in a low voice that Mr. Jones was in. He was very busy, however. Did the caller have an appointment with him? Would he please tell her the nature of his business? Parkinson almost blushed as he confessed that he was thinking of buying a partnership with the gentleman whose time and presence were so precious, for the beggarly sum of $500.

The typewriter tapped guardedly at the door of the inner room and, when she entered, carefully closed it after her. She closed it again when she came out and walked quite up to Parkinson before she said in her subdued, sad way, "Mr. Jones will see you."

When she finally opened that mysterious door to him the man from Kansas saw a large, untidy, belittered desk—and Mr. Jones. The real estate man was seated at the desk, signing letters, of which a dozen lay before him. He held out his hand without rising, and barely looked at the caller.

"Take a chair, Mr. ——" he gave a looked at the large card, heavily glazed and tinted a faint pink—"Mr. Parkinson. I'm behind with these letters." He broke off, considered the one immediately before him as though in doubt for a moment; then signed with a flourish. "If you'll excuse me."

"Go right ahead," said Parkinson cheerfully. He observed that Mr. Jones was a man of some bulk, perhaps fifty. He had a white, smooth-shaven face and just hair enough over the crown to give his head a soiled appearance. His dress was not exactly tidy, but he went on reading and signing his letters in a very businesslike way.

"I'm looking for a man who's got an eye for real estate, Mr. Parkinson," he announced in his resolute voice as he got to the last letter—in fact, however, looking at that and not at all at Parkinson. "I don't care particularly what his experience in the city is"—a pause as he reread a sentence—"I've got experience in the city myself." He signed, rang, and swung his chair half around, squarely facing the caller in a determined manner.

As the young woman came in noiselessly, gathered up the letters and went out with them, Mr. Jones neither looked at her nor spoke to her, but went on talking to Parkinson. That, too, had a very businesslike air.

It appeared that his partner, Mr. Burridge, had been obliged to drop business and go to California. His health had broken down under the strain. Frankly, Mr. Jones did not expect to find another Mr. Burridge; but he must have help at once or follow his partner to a sanitarium. He was not looking for capital. Theirs was a brokerage business, requiring little capital. What he wanted was a man. You couldn't hire 'em. The man he wanted wasn't the kind that would be working for somebody else. He wasn't selling a half interest in tangible assets. There were no tangible assets. What he proposed was to give the right man the chance of his life, merely taking a sort of guaranty of good faith. Half a dozen things were getting away from him right then because he couldn't attend to them. He had been working night and day for a week on a sale of the property at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Adams Street—$640,000 involved. Of course, he didn't appear in the final transactions. His business was to see the opportunity and bring the parties together. If this deal went through he would get $2500 out of it. It was too big a thing to take any chances on.

An apologetical tap came on the door. Mr. Jones frowned and shouted out, "Yes!" impatiently. The demure stenographer entered, closing the door carefully behind her and approaching her employer's chair.

"Mr. Pease," she said, low and confidential.

"Can't he wait?" said Mr. Jones, still impatiently.

But the forbidden door opened. A portly, trigly dressed young man appeared there, his hat respectfully in one hand, but his watch in the other. "We've got just six minutes if we're going to keep that appointment," he warned.

"All right! Just a minute! Just a minute!" Mr. Jones replied, rising as he spoke, and catching up his hat as the door closed.

"I've got to go; it's that deal," he explained hastily; yet paused to drop his hand, encouragingly, on Parkinson's shoulder. "I wouldn't wonder if you and I could do business, Mr. Parkinson," he said very frankly and kindly. "I've got to do business with somebody, and do it quick. I go ten times as much on a man's looks as I do on anybody's recommendation. But, of course, this is a pretty important matter with me. You might just leave your references with Miss Willits, and suppose you come in to-morrow." They were at the door by this time and Mr. Jones had it open. "To-morrow afternoon—let's see—was it for three to-morrow that I made the appointment with McCormick?" he called to the stenographer. She consulted a small book on her desk and said, "Four." Meanwhile Mr. Pease was nervously edging Mr. Jones toward the outer door.

"All right. Three to-morrow, Mr. Parkinson," said the real-estate dealer, and disappeared hastily with Mr. Pease.

Parkinson had brought a letter of introduction from the solvent bank of Setting Sun to its city correspondent. He left that with the demure stenographer and told her confidently that she could wire the mayor of Setting Sun or anybody else she liked. He then cleared his throat and asked her who Mr. Jones' references were. The question seemed to surprise her; but she told him he could ask almost any real-estate firm; or—as though she just thought of it—did he know Driller & Whitcomb, the Bankers? He might ask Mr. Driller. She gave him a number on La Salle Street.

The bank of Driller & Whitcomb was in a smallish basement, and was given over mostly to a long blackboard where stock quotations were set down. But it had a rosewood counter with a fine brass rail and Mr. Driller, who was pop-eyed, wore a large diamond.

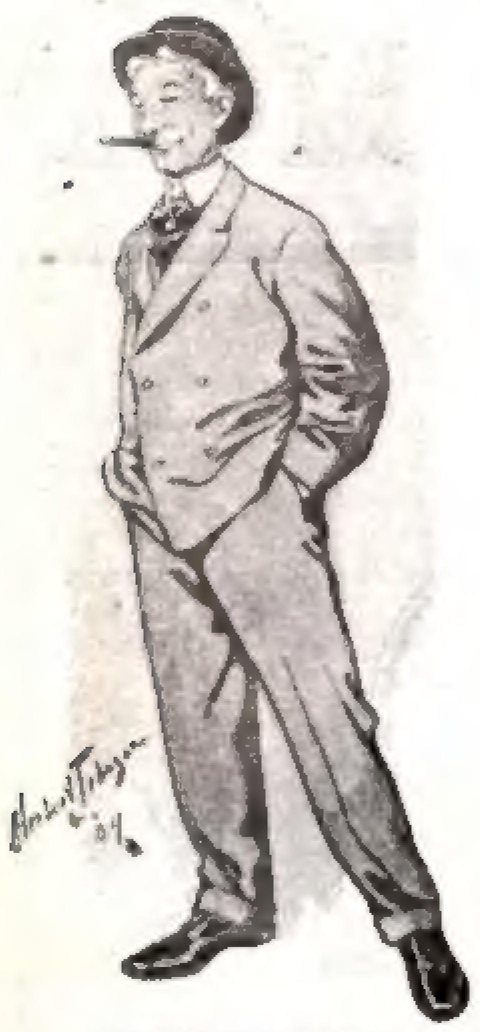
"What, Wellington J. Jones? Good as old wheat. Got any of his paper?" Mr. Driller asked it with unnecessary belligerence, staring hard out of his pop-eyes, as though a personal assault would follow any further questions.

Looking over the newspaper in the morning Parkinson read that the property at Wabash Avenue and Adams Street had been sold the day before for $640,000 to Mr. McCormick. As Mr. Jones had predicted, his name did not appear in the transaction; but his foreknowledge of the deal was very convincing.

Jones was in high spirits when Parkinson called. In fact, it occurred to the Kansas man that he had been drinking a little—as almost anybody might be excused for doing under the circumstances. He took a very friendly, even familiar tone with Parkinson, clapped him on the shoulder and laughed heartily. "If our deal had been closed yesterday, my boy, you'd have had your money back to-day and $500 velvet out of that Wabash Avenue sale. And I know some other things just as good," he added gleefully.

When it came to details of the partnership he was very frank. As he had explained, it was not a business of capital. He proposed that they keep their separate bank-accounts—for the present at least. They'd simply halve the expenses and halve the profits as they went along. As for a contract he would give Parkinson the same contract that he had given Burridge. "And I hope, by Jove, you'll draw as much money under it as Burridge did," he added in a burst of good will.

Mr. Pease dropped in—quite leisurely now. It appeared that he, too, had had a finger in the Wabash Avenue pie.



HAWLEY WAS GOOD-NATURED, LIKE ALL PEASE'S FRIENDS

Not on the real-estate side, for that was out of his line; but by way of advancing Mr. McCormick something toward the purchase price. He invited Mr. Parkinson across the hall to see his offices, in a very neighborly way, since they were to be neighbors. The sign was Pease & Company, Investments, and the office was very like Jones & Co.'s, except there was a red-headed boy instead of a Miss Willits. It developed, incidentally, that if Parkinson should be looking for a place to tuck away a bit of money where it would do some good, Pease & Company could help him out. Parkinson was wary of investments other than real estate and the matter was not pressed.

In the hotel office that evening Parkinson read over very carefully, for the fourth time, the contract for which he had paid $500. It was certainly all clear and straight. He knew enough about contracts and law to know that. He went to bed in a pleasant frame of mind. He rather thought — yes, he rather thought that Jim Parkinson had struck it rich.

He appeared punctually at his office next day, as became a man with half the responsibilities of Wellington J. Jones & Co. upon his shoulders. Mr. Jones, however, was not there. Miss Willits said he had sent word that he was called out of town for the day. Without its energetic and overburdened chief the office was very bare — and distressingly quiet. All the clients of the house seemed to have word of Jones' absence. Nobody called. The telephone never rang. Miss Willits' typewriter was still. There was no mail except two advertising circulars. The junior partner sat apologetically in the private office and poked over the litter of papers on the desk, of which he could make nothing. He pulled his long mustache and shifted his position in the chair. The deathly stillness got on his nerves. He arose and looked out of the window a while, and when he ventured into the front room he found himself carefully tiptoeing as though he were at a funeral. Miss Willits chewed gum and read a novel. Finally, after many, many hours, noon came and the junior partner went over to the Antiseptic to eat.

When he returned to the office Miss Willits, demure as ever, told him the agent had come to collect the rent — which it seemed Mr. Jones, in the stress of more important matters, had permitted to fall three months in arrears. Mr. Jones had promised it certainly that day and the agent was impatient. It was $150. Mr. Pease happened to drop in and advised the junior partner to pay it. He explained, confidentially, that it wasn't good to have the agent get down on them, for he could make a lot of trouble and give them a bad name. The agent himself — a businesslike and ill-natured little man — came in and demanded his money. Parkinson wrote him a check for the $150. It was the only business done in the office that day.

Next morning Mr. Jones was still absent, and Parkinson saw another depressing day ahead. He happened to be in the outer office toward noon when the agent's boy came in and left the receipt for the rent. Parkinson picked it up before Miss Willits could drop it into a drawer. It was for three months' rent at $25 a month — total, $75.

"How's that? I paid him $150!" the junior partner exclaimed.

The demure stenographer seemed confused for an instant, then she explained, calmly, "The other $75 was for Mr. Pease."

"But I ain't paying Pease's rent!" he complained, his voice high with excitement.

"You see, they sort of trade off that way — back and forth. Mr. Pease paid our rent last time," said Miss Willits.

Parkinson tugged at his mustache as he regarded her. Suspicion, a full-sized worm in the bud, began to feed upon his candid mind. He thought of asking the stenographer a few pointed questions, but she looked so demure that he concluded to interview the financier across the hall. He had to wait until four o'clock for that purpose; but he had nothing else to do.

Mr. Pease, youthful and portly, with an odd dent in his nose, assured him gravely that Miss Willits had spoken the truth. He and Jones traded off that way. Last time he had paid Jones' rent. When he was flush he paid. When Jones did a stroke of business, Jones paid.

All this someway sounded very different from the dazzling talk of $600,000 deals and large advances to Mr. McCormick.

"I ain't a kicker, you understand," said the Kansas man, "but it looks to me as though I'm the last stroke of business Jones done."

"Oh, you'll get your money out all right," Mr. Pease replied assuringly, and laughed with great good nature.

"How?" Parkinson inquired.

"Why, I'll tell you now, on the level." Mr. Pease took him confidentially by the arm. "The only trouble is, Jones is a fierce booze fighter. He'd get along first-rate if he'd only cut out the booze and quit trying to guess the ponies. That's where his money all goes. He used to hit the pipe more or less; but I guess he's quit that since he took the cure."

"Anything else the matter with him?" Parkinson asked gravely.

The purveyor of investments laughed pleasantly. "You'll get out all right," he repeated. "When he shows up you tell him you want to sell out your half interest. He'll give you a deal."

"I suppose that's his regular business — trading in half interests in himself," Parkinson suggested.

Again Mr. Pease laughed good-naturedly. "You see, business in the city ain't hardly like it is in the country. It's on a different basis — more on the dog-eat-dog order. So when a man comes in from the country he's got to pay about so much toll to somebody. It don't make much difference what line he takes, he's got to pay the toll before he really gets in. You've got your ticket now, and you're all right. Come out and have a drink."

Under the mellowing influences of the high-ball Mr. Pease expanded somewhat on his toll theory. "A friend of mine sold three grocery stores that he didn't own in two days," he said. "You see, he put an ad. in all the papers and got in touch with three men who were willing to buy a splendid grocery business with a thriving trade for half what the goods cost. Then he went around to the men who owned the stores and introduced himself as a broker with a client who was anxious to buy at a fancy price. The rest was easy — just rushing his customer out to the store and showing him all around as though he owned it, opening the books and all that while the proprietor stood by admiring and feeling the fancy price as good as in his pocket; then rushing his man back to the hotel and touching him up for the five hundred first payment — the rest to be on long time at five per cent. — and ducking. Anybody might have done one, but to pull off three in two days and get out six hours ahead of the police was good work."

They drank to the health of the good worker. Mr. Pease showed his friend to a square little poker game; but the Westerner knew poker and lost no money.

As he retired that evening, Parkinson reflected philosophically, "I've been trimmed all right; but I know more than I did before." He slept very soundly.

When Mr. Jones found himself once more in condition to take up the responsibilities of dealing in his half interest he readily consented to make the sale for Parkinson's account. He merely stipulated that Parkinson must find a buyer who would take the half interest at $750 — $500 to go to Parkinson and $250 to Jones. Parkinson sat on the small of his back, his knees in the air, and long worried his red mustache as he pondered over this proposal. Steering a gentleman into a bunco game was an occupation that he had scarcely thought of for himself. He suggested that Mr. Jones put in an ad. and take the management of the matter exclusively into his own experienced hands, as usual. Mr. Jones consented to this and affably proposed to borrow $100 from his partner, to keep up office expenses until the sucker appeared. They compromised on $50. It would be necessary for Parkinson to keep out of the way, of course; yet — with the utmost confidence in his partner — he did not wish to be more than fifty feet out of the way when the money was paid over. So he took to loafing in Mr. Pease's office, while in Mr. Jones' fertile imagination he was figuring as the successor of Mr. Burridge — as the invaluable partner whose health had given way under the strain of the business.

Mr. Pease daily gave fresh evidence of candor and good nature. He told his friend a number of amusing and instructive incidents in his varied career — which had begun at nineteen when he joined the crew of lightning-rod agents which Driller — now proprietor of the bucketshop in which Mr. Jones had been so well recommended — took over Iowa, trimming the farmers.

Through Mr. Pease the Kansas man made a number of acquaintances. Among these was Mr. George Hawley, a slim, blond young man with a high forehead and thin, rather curly yellowish hair. Hawley was good-natured, like all Pease's friends. He and Parkinson got on so well that Hawley was soon telling him, in confidence, some of Pease's shortcomings, much as Pease had given him a like confidence respecting Jones. Pease, it appeared, was a good fellow, only he couldn't be depended upon to keep his hands off the money if there was any in sight. That was why it wouldn't do to let Pease into some things. For example ——

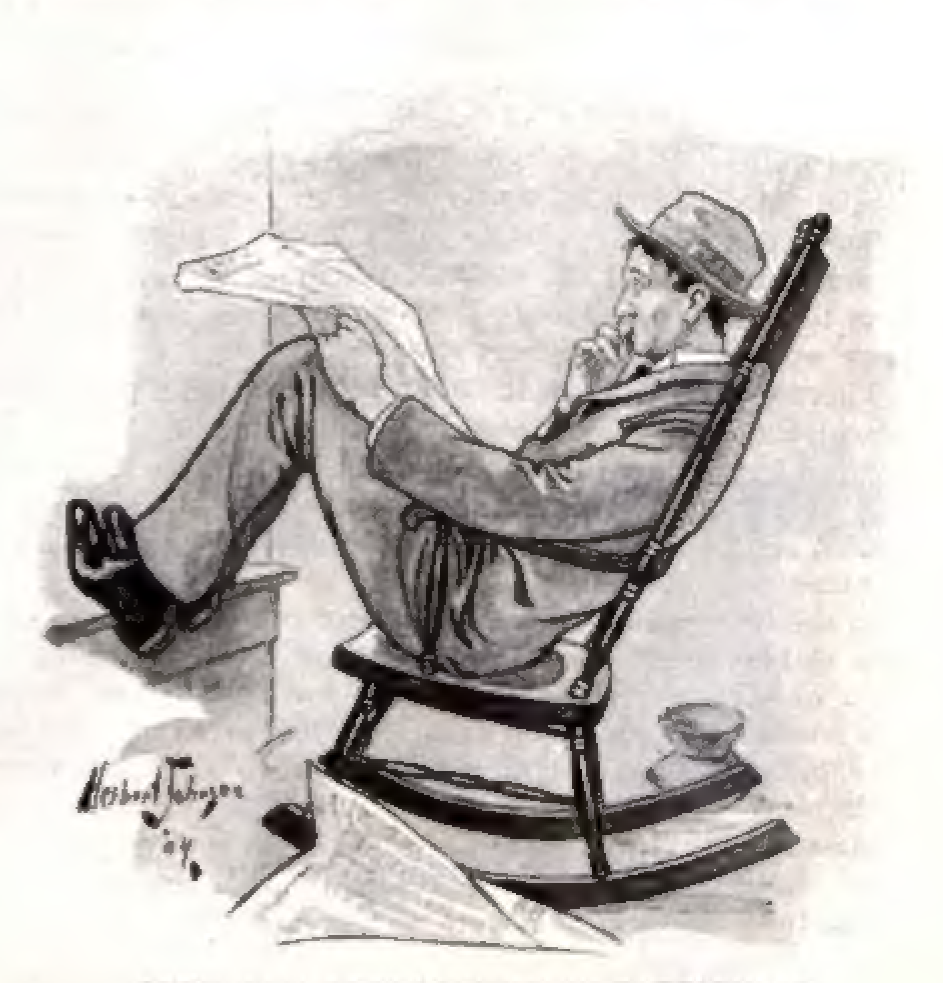
"Come over here," said Mr. Hawley at this point. They went to the little table in the corner and sat close together, their backs to the wall so that no one could possibly look over their shoulders. Hawley secretively slipped an envelope out of his coat pocket, laid it on the table back up, and took a lead pencil in his hand as though he were going to commit some important memoranda to paper. What he did, however, was to make a large number of round marks on the back of the envelope and draw lines from one to the other. Neither the lines nor the dots seemed to have anything whatever to do with what he said; but they made it all look much more mysterious and confidential.

What Mr. Hawley disclosed was that "they" had a man, whose name he would not reveal even to Mr. Parkinson at that time. He would say, however, that the Westen Union Telegraph Company had a standing reward of $15,000 for the man's capture, dead or alive. He was the most notorious and successful wire-tapper in the world. "They" also had a plant. Mr. Hawley did not wish to say where, but it was on the South Side and he would show it to Mr. Parkinson some time. Their wizard wire-tapper had located the wires that the news from the race-tracks came over and tapped them. Word came that such and such a horse had won. The wizard held it for exactly two minutes — couldn't hold it any longer — and telephoned to the gang downtown. They rushed to the pool-rooms and bet on that horse, and, of course, won. The trouble was they had to be so awfully careful. They couldn't just run to a single pool-room and make a big bet or the pool-room people would get suspicious and start the detectives at work. The wizard had told them flat that if they got him caught he'd shoot the man who was responsible; and you bet he'd do it, too. So they had to have a number of cool men that could be trusted, who'd scatter to different pool-rooms on receipt of the wizard's message.

The result of this disclosure was that Mr. Hawley showed Parkinson a certain pool-room, put a bright ten-dollar bill in his hands — a sum which seemed rather small in view of the elaborate plant and great risks — and stationed him outside the door of a room on Sherman Street. A little later Mr. Hawley tore open the door and excitedly whispered the name of a horse, himself dashing for the stairs, madly pursued by a stranger. Parkinson went down the stairs three steps at a jump with the others, sprinted for his pool-room and bought a ticket on Wild Oats. The wizard was more successful than usual, for, as a matter of fact, some ten minutes elapsed before the result of the race was announced. Sure enough, Wild Oats won. Parkinson carried back three bright ten dollar bills and a five to the stairway on Sherman Street and handed them over to Mr. Hawley. The bills looked very attractive to the man from Kansas as his friend complacently tucked them into his vest pocket. Though Hawley kept all the money he was not selfish nor ungrateful. Over their drink he offered to let Mr. Parkinson in on the same terms as the others — he would be given the wizard's tip, make such bets as he pleased with his own money, and give the gang twenty-five per cent. of whatever he won. Only he must promise not to bet over $50 at a time. That was the trouble with Pease. He couldn't be relied upon to stop at fifty. Parkinson bet twice the next day, each time on a favorite at short odds, according to the wizard's direction. He won $200, and turned $50 over to Mr. Hawley, as the gang's representative. On the third race the wizard gave the name of a 5-to-1 horse, and to Parkinson's amazement a quite different name was posted as the winner. He went back to their common rallying-ground — the bar in the basement of the Sherman Street building, where he found Hawley and his fellow-gangster, Mr. Rose, in deep gloom.

The gang itself had plunged on that race, Mr. Hawley explained, and had been cleaned out.

"It's just as Pritchard said," Mr. Rose observed, with an air of profound dejection. And at Hawley's warning look he blurted out, morosely, "Oh, the name don't matter now. Parkinson may as well know it. It's all up, I guess."



OVER ONE OPPORTUNITY IN PARTICULAR HE TUGGED LONG AND THOUGHTFULLY AT THE DROOPING, REDDISH MUSTACHE

Hawley looked gloomily at the bar. "Let's go down there!" he exclaimed with sudden, though evidently hopeless, energy.

"All right," Mr. Rose assented sadly. "We may as well take Parkinson along. He got stung, too." He said it as though that made them blood brothers.

The pair were so downcast on the elevated road that Parkinson hadn't the heart to break into their melancholy conversation nor to intrude upon their long intervals of despairing reflection.

It was only as they left the train that Hawley seemed to wake up to his presence at all.

"Parkinson, it's just here," he explained as they stopped on the street corner, "we hadn't money enough to go into this thing right. Pritchard warned us all along. But we had such confounded sure luck we thought we should come out on top. You see, this race news comes over four different wires, two in duplicate, and to do the wire-tapping right you've got to have a sextuple refractory instrument. The Western Union's got the patent on those instruments and it won't let one out of its sight for love or money if it can help it. Pritchard knew where he could get hold of one for $250 and he wanted us to get it. Said if we didn't he'd get a short circuit in there some day and queer the whole game. We didn't have the dough, you know, and we thought we could go ahead with the instrument we had until we got enough to the good to buy the sextuple. It came our way all right and the money was so easy we got careless and let it slide. Pritchard told me again three days ago that the machine wasn't working well, and we'd get it in the neck some day. We intended to clean up enough on that 5-to-1 to buy the sextuple—but we got cleaned out instead. It's rotten luck. You stay here, George, and I'll go ahead. If you don't see a signal in five minutes, come on."

Mr. Rose consulted his watch and they waited on the corner, while Mr. Hawley crossed the street and disappeared up the stairway in a very innocent-looking three-story brick building. There was a grocery and meat market on the ground floor, several signs of dentists and doctors over the stairway and on the second story windows. The upper windows were blank. Parkinson noticed that a maze of wires ran over the top of the building. Mr. Rose kept his eye alternately on his watch and on the blank third story windows opposite.

"All right; come on," he said in a dead-game way when the five minutes were up. Parkinson took a long breath and followed, with a beating heart. Imitating Mr. Rose, he trod as lightly as possible on the stairs and kept close to the wall. The upper hall was dim and looked entirely deserted. Rose paused at the last door on the right and gave three very soft taps. The key was turned from the inside with hardly any noise. Mr. Hawley peered out, nodded to them, and held the door wide enough for their entrance.

Parkinson saw a room innocent of carpet and bare of furniture of any kind except a cot, a table with a telegraph instrument on it, and a simple kitchen chair. Behind the table, his back to the wall, stood a strange, black-bearded gentleman, with a large black revolver in each hand, evidently prepared to sell his life dearly.

He glowered a moment at Parkinson, while Mr. Rose and Mr. Hawley obligingly stood out of range to give him a fair shot if he should decide to take it. Mr. Pritchard did not shoot, however. He even put one of the pistols in his hip pocket, keeping the other in his hand.

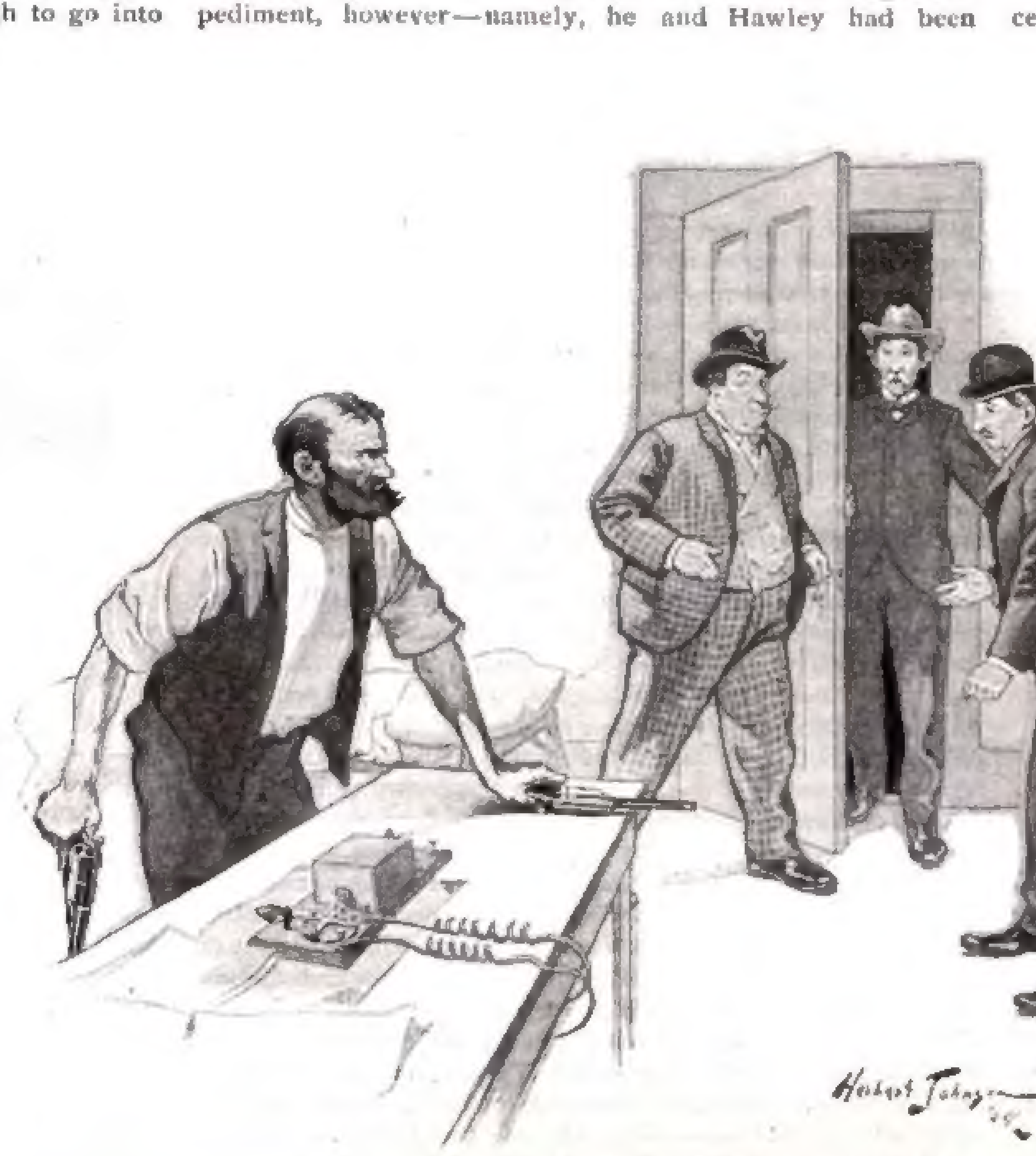
"I don't like strangers coming in," he said candidly. "But, of course, if you vouch for him——" He sat on the edge of the table and swung his large foot, revolver in hand.

"Well—there's no use your being sore at us, Pritch," said Mr. Hawley as though continuing a conversation which the others had interrupted. "We did the best we could."

"You didn't!" the wizard declared; and then, glowering at the representatives of the gang, he cursed them both comprehensively. "I want to make my pile and clear out of here, I tell you!" he said angrily. "I can't lay around Chicago forever." He turned to the Kansas man with the first gleam of good nature he had shown. "It ain't a healthy locality for me, Mr. Parkinson, here at headquarters, with half the Western Union's detective force looking high and low for me. I told you to raise the dough and get the sextuple!" he continued angrily to the gang. "Here's them Sheepshead Bay races coming on to-morrow and we could make anything we liked. The pool-rooms will stand any kind of a plunge then. And now it's all up. I'm going to clear out to-night unless you can get that sextuple."

The conversation continued for some time, Mr. Pritchard glowering and in the worst of humor, once snatching his revolver and leaping up ready to shoot as he thought he heard a step on the stair. Finally the fortune-compelling sextuple refractory was provided for, Mr. Parkinson supplying the funds in consideration of getting all the Sheepshead Bay races without payment of any commission to the gang. The bloody wizard even relaxed to the extent of smiling, or grinning, and shaking hands with him.

The sextuple was to be procured and installed by the wizard under cover of darkness that night, ready for the first Sheepshead Bay race the next afternoon.



"I DON'T LIKE STRANGERS COMING IN," HE SAID CANDIDLY

The trio returned to the city in good humor, pleasantly excited by the huge winnings in prospect. Mr. Rose, with some apologetical confusion, disclosed a further slight impediment, however—namely, he and Hawley had been cleaned out by that short circuit on the 5-to-1 horse; they hadn't any money to make bets with. Mr. Parkinson could hardly do less than stake them. This operation further depleted the already painfully thin roll of the man from Kansas; but it pleased Mr. Rose so that he burst out laughing several times.

Replenishment for Parkinson's roll was, however, as good as in hand. He placed $100 on Golden Girl at 3-to-1 the next afternoon. Tin Horn won the race.

Parkinson repaired to the groggery, thoughtfully biting his mustache. He found Hawley and Rose as dejected as on the day before. Frankly, they couldn't understand it. Rose declared belligerently that he was going to call Pritch up and have an explanation out of him. He was gone some time, but returned with a clear countenance and a light heart. The wizard had discovered the faulty connection that had fooled him before. They would make good on the next race sure. Only, there was the same embarrassing old trouble—he and Hawley had been cleaned out again. Mr. Rose looked at the man from Kansas in an apologetical and insinuating manner; but Parkinson said he was pretty well cleaned out himself. After a moment Mr. Rose brightened up. He had discovered the way out of their trouble. If Mr. Parkinson would just hand him the expensive gold watch and chain, bought in the first flush of his Cripple Creek success, he would run over to a pawnshop and raise a stake on it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Parkinson, with decision: "I'll bet what I've got on the next race, and if I win I'll stake you."

Mr. Rose agreed that was fair and went up to the room to get the wizard's tip. In due time he gave the word, June Bug, in the old exciting manner. Parkinson didn't take the trouble to run, however. He merely walked over and plunged on June Bug. He fairly felt it in his bones, too, that June Bug wasn't going to win. And June Bug didn't. Also, he fairly felt it in his bones that he wasn't going to find his friends in the saloon when he walked back there, his worthless ticket on June Bug in his hand. He was not mistaken about that, either. He waited a while, then went over to Clark Street and pawned the expensive watch himself.

He suspected that he had been trimmed again.

What convinced him of it was to behold the dreadful Pritchard—looking quite innocent in an ordinary business suit and with his beard brushed—in the Antiseptic bar that evening, spending money freely and joyously oblivious to the myriad bloodhounds of the law who spent night and day on his trail.

Parkinson went up to his room, still thoughtful, and took an able-bodied six-shooter from the brown leather bag. He perceived that there was something humorous in the situation and he wished to carry out the joke. When he returned to the bar, however, the wizard was gone.

The next morning, with his humorous intention unimpaired, he sauntered over to Mr. Pease's office with an idea that he might run across the amiable Mr. Hawley.

"I'd like to have a talk with him," he said, looking innocently at the banker; and he related his experience.

Mr. Pease hardly laughed at all—just shook silently until his fat undulated, and wiped his eyes. "Well, you kept your watch, anyhow," he observed.

"Yes, I kept my watch," said Parkinson gravely, "and my gun."

"Got it with you?" Mr. Pease asked, with sudden interest.

Parkinson exhibited the possession—in a somewhat careless manner.

Pease sobered, but he did not flinch. "What's the good of your making a fool of yourself?" he argued quietly. "That thing will just get you into jail. It don't go here. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll stake you—give you a start. For nothing, mind you."

"What's your proposition," said Parkinson with little interest.

The banker regarded him critically a moment. "How much money you got left?" he asked.

"About fifty dollars."

"Well——" Pease considered—"I'll put you in the way of making something. It ain't much, but it's better 'n a gun. Fifty will do. I worked it myself two years ago when I was about broke."

He took a large, dusty pasteboard box from beneath his desk and opened it as he explained. The box contained some fifty small packages of a precious article known as The Bailey Fern Root Compound, a sovereign remedy for every humor and ailment of the skin. One could make hair grow anew or remove a bunion with it. There were also as many pamphlets, compiled by a college of the most eminent savants and neatly bound in imitation morocco, with gilt tooling and colored plates, giving such directions for the care of the skin that one had only to follow them, using the Fern Root Compound, in order to glow like the speckless Apollo. Any burn, bruise, bump and wart, blotch or pimple, a superfluity of hair or a deficiency thereof, bad complexions of every sort—all yielded to the Compound and the Book. There were also a dozen larger books with instructions to agents and facsimile testimonials, the date and addresses conveniently left off.

The point was, Pease explained, that everybody knew how much money people spent for patent medicines. It cost the manufacturer fifteen cents to make his patent medicine and eighty-five cents to advertise it. The proprietors of Bailey's Fern Root Compound had found through long experience that they got better results by paying that eighty-five cents to an agent, who would go around and see people directly, instead of handing it over to the newspapers and magazines for advertisements, which the people might or might not read. That was what made it such a bonanza for the agents. The city was divided into so many agencies—say twenty. You could do that easily enough by taking a large city map and marking it up with red ink. Each agent had his or her territory exclusively, for which privilege and for the agent's preliminary outfit, consisting of ten boxes of the Compound and ten Books—to be sold at $2 apiece—he or she paid down $20. After that they sold a book and a box for $2 and got a commission of fifty per cent.

"But will the stuff sell?" asked Parkinson doubtfully.

"Sure—to agents," said Mr. Pease. "You see, you advertise for agents at $15 a week and a commission. The $15 a week brings 'em in, and the contract provides—almost inadvertently, you might say, in the fine type—that the salary begins after they've sold 100 boxes. If anybody ever should sell a hundred boxes you could afford to pay 'em a salary. I'll show you where to get the stuff made and more books printed if you want. The ten outfits in the box cost me about five dollars. You can have 'em for that, and I'll let you take Jimmy for a day or two while you're getting started. He's on. Guess there's an office on the next floor you can get."

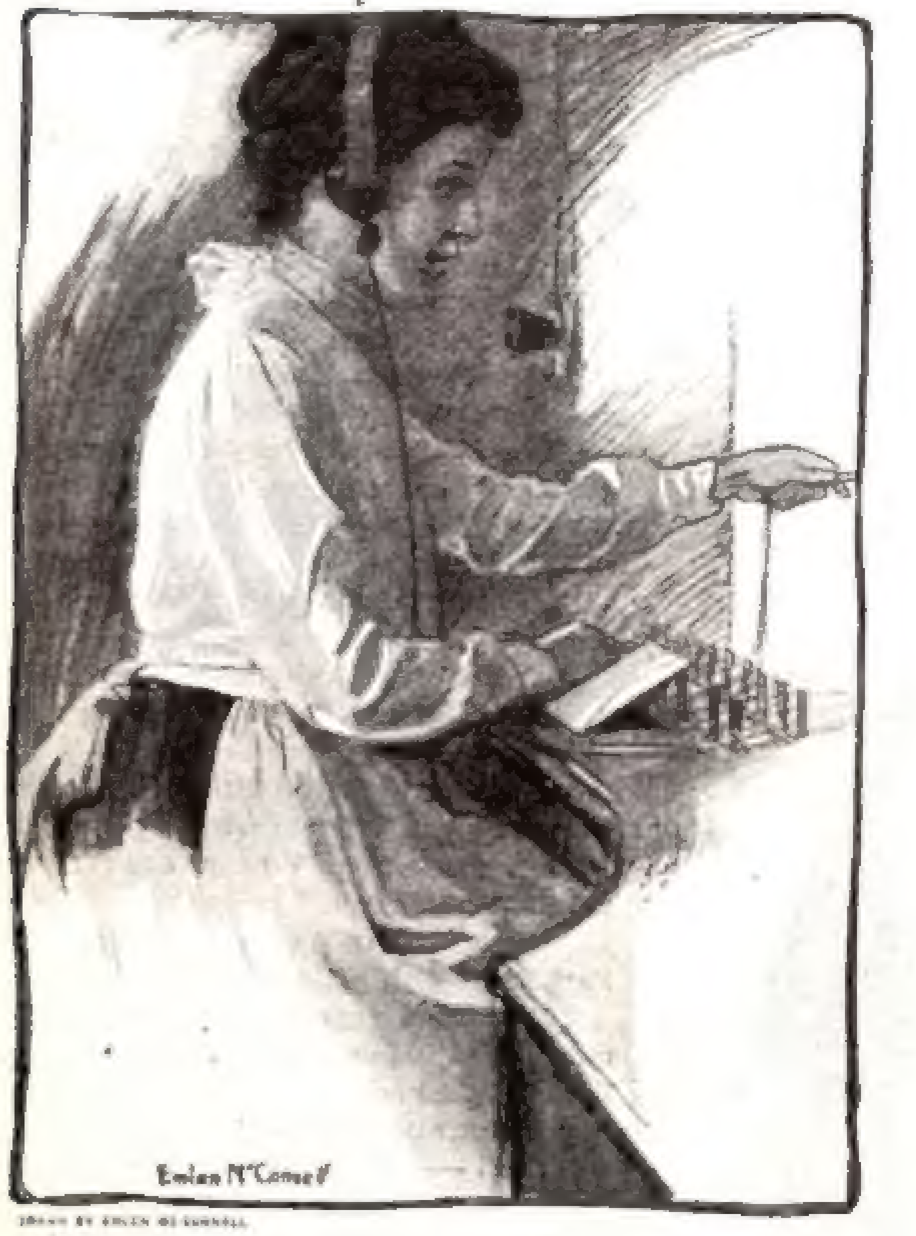
Parkinson had two dollars and a half left when he paid the month's rent of the office—demanded strictly in advance—the rent of the well-worn table and four chairs that he procured

(Continued on Page 22)

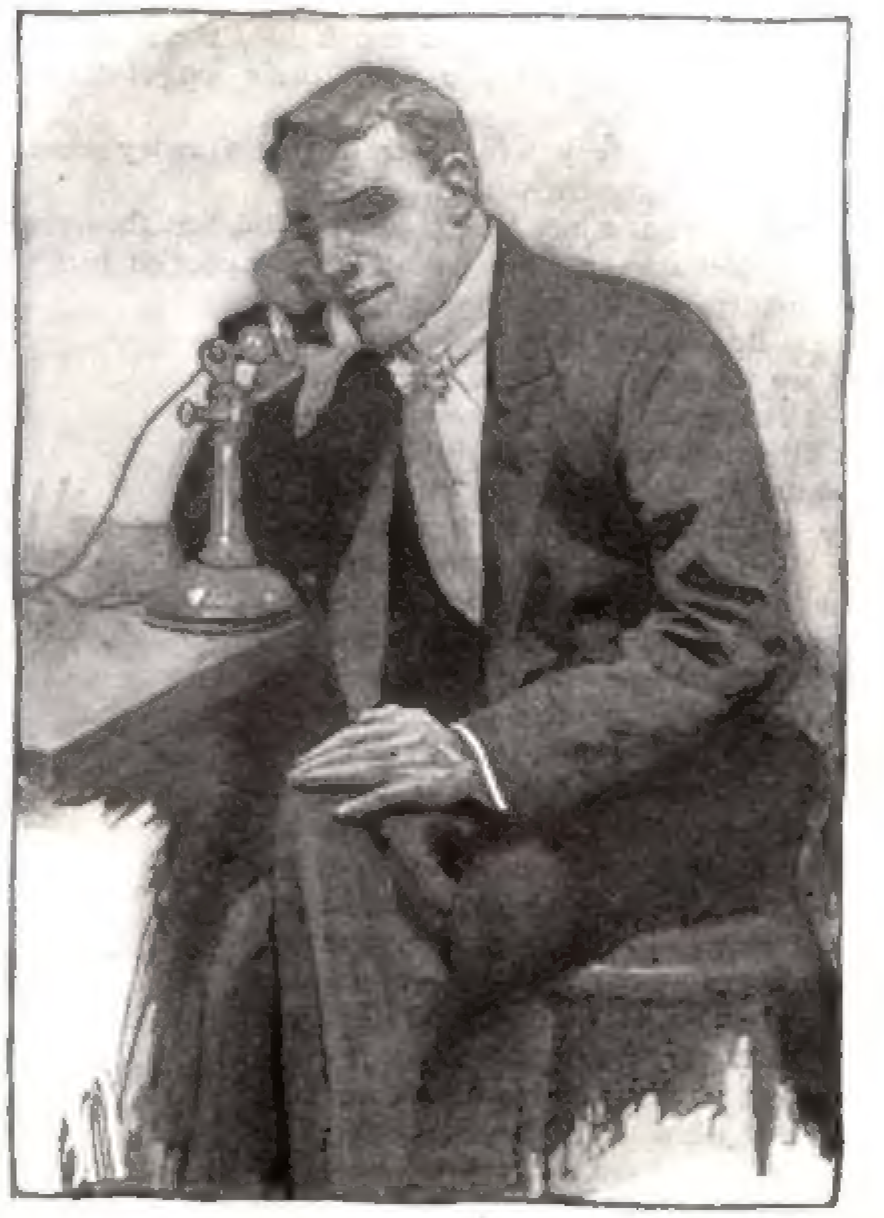
THE STAR MAN

How He Broke the Boycott

BY W. A. M. GOODE



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL



A GREAT gloom lay over the office of the Howler. The bright light of New York winter sunshine, which glinted upon piles of yellow flimsy after passing through the fifteenth-story windows of a building sacred to the millions of the Howler's regenerator, was quite unable to dispel the infinite feeling of depression. The proprietor of the Howler, like most respectable owners of New York papers, was in Europe, but on the afternoon of the New Year's Eve in question there were few in the office of that powerful organ who did not wish him even "farther." Those more charitable—or, to speak more accurately, less responsible—modified the impious wish into a fervent desire that all cables between Europe and America might suddenly and permanently cease to perform their functions.

Even the cheekiest "copy-boy," who had seven times been "fired," and the same number of times reinstated on account of his inimitable grin, seemed to feel that this was no time for impertinence. The managing editor sat in his private room, surrounded by "ancient masters" accumulated through the wealth of his master in Europe, posing himself before the mirror, inlaid in his desk, for the picture of "Despair." Before him was a telegram, addressed to the owner of a large Philadelphia paper, which read as follows:

> Am tired of New York work. Can I resume my position with you?

He fingered his pencil gingerly and contemplated the addition of a few words. Meanwhile, he pondered over the comparative advantages of $300 a week in New York with no peace, and $120 a week in Philadelphia with peace. And still he hesitated to sign his name to this telegram that was to forestall his threatened dismissal.

In the big, long room near by, where special and regular outside men wrote or lounged at desks in the fulfillment or hope of assignments, an animated conversation was taking place. The city editor had swung around from his roll-top desk and now had his hand gripped on the arm of a tall and absurdly youthful-looking individual. The city editor was a person addicted to strong language, worse rheumatism and overwhelming reticence. Between these three qualities he concealed a multitude of incapacities from his employer and inflicted continuous torture upon his subordinates. He was a power on the paper, and the managing editor was horribly afraid of him, because he was the personal appointee of the owner. At this moment, however, the two men were drawn together in the common cause of self-preservation, for the gloom that hung over the office was a shadow which threatened the heads of all the Howler's news departments.

"You will try, anyway, won't you?"

A boy who passed within earshot ran smack into the sharp corner of an abutting desk in his astonishment at the unwonted note of appeal in the tone of the city editor, who was still holding the young man's sleeve. The city editor always treated him with less profanity than he allocated to the majority of the staff, because, despite his juvenile appearance, he was the Star man. The term implies little to the public, but in a newspaper office it means a world of work. Before a man can be regarded as the best reporter on the paper and win the name of Star man he has to pass through mills that grind exceeding small and rough.

The Star man smiled, lit a fresh cigarette, and gave his word that he would do his best. When you are a Star man of a paper like the Howler at twenty-eight years old, and the two great competitors of the Howler are offering you more than you are getting, you can afford to smile at your city editor's earnestness, despite his reputation for rheumatic brusqueness. Moreover, to tell the truth, the Star man was not over-interested in the gloomy situation in which the Howler found itself; for even if everything came to the worst, and the omniscient proprietor cut off all the big heads by cable, he could accept an exceptionally pleasing offer that he had received that day from the Howler's rival, a few doors down the Row. Yet, in the request that had just been made to him the Star man felt more interest than he had allowed himself to evince to the city editor. Firstly, it flattered his vanity; secondly, it gave him great temporary power; and, thirdly, it launched him into a struggle for fair principles against odds that were both large and interesting.

What had happened to the Howler and what caused the Star man these reflections will be remembered only by a few of those antiquaries who have carefully studied the history of the nineteenth century. The city of New York, by some strange freak of popular will, had delivered itself, body and soul, into the power of one man, known as the Tyrant. Unfortunately for the Howler, the Tyrant had against it and its absent proprietor an implacable, undying hatred, which, after all, was not surprising, because the Howler had persistently denounced the Tyrant and all his works. A few days before this New Year's Eve, when the Tyrant was on the verge of reaping the fruits of the popular verdict, he announced boldly that the Howler was to be given no scrap, no hint, no crumb of news from any of his followers. At that time the Tyrant had removed his court to a winter resort not a hundred miles from New York, where he was surrounded by many henchmen and the leaders of the party which he kindly favored with his nominal adherence. There the Tyrant was an object of national interest and of vital importance to the citizens of New York.

All the Tyrant's declamations could not prevent the Howler from printing detailed and illustrated accounts of his movements. This was done gleefully; but when the Tyrant declared that the names of the puppets that he would nominate for municipal office in the city of New York should be published in every newspaper before they appeared in the Howler, the managing editor of that "sheet" declared that the thing was going beyond a joke, and reenforced his staff at the country court of the Tyrant by sending his very best political man, with two assistants. Thus the Howler had five experienced men at the Tyrant's court, each instructed to obtain at all costs the Tryant's list of municipal appointments. Even though they were puppets, it was essential that the Howler should tell its huge circulation who were to be their nominal rulers.

Yet only that morning the chief political reporter had wired: "I refuse to accept responsibility for getting Tyrant's list of appointments. He has formed combine among other newspapers against us, making them agree not to give us anything under penalty of being boycotted from all city offices during his term. They cannot help themselves. Tyrant completely controls situation. Has every one scared to death. See no way preventing him leaving us out in the cold on the city appointments."

The proprietor of the Howler, who had been religiously kept informed by cable of the prior events, and who hated the Tyrant even as the Tyrant hated him, was sorrowfully made cognizant of the gist of the foregoing telegram. Laconically he had just replied: "If you don't get that list I get a new staff."

Hence the gloom, the managing editor's suggested telegram to Philadelphia, the city editor's entreaties and the copy-boy's temporary reformation. When the Star man was sent to the court of the Tyrant it was a measure of last resort. He was "not much on politics," except in writing the descriptive "leads" to a national convention, and his work had been rather in great strikes, foreign wars, murders, and other interesting matter than in the ramifications of local politics. Where the chief political man had failed there was small hope that the Star man of general work, despite his undoubted ability, could pull the fat out of the fire. And the appointments were to be made that New Year's Eve.

As the Star man lolled lazily in the smoking-car on his way to the Tyrant's country court there was nothing, either in face or manner, to indicate the mission on which he was bent; yet he had been empowered to employ unlimited money to defeat the Tyrant, to stop at no means in this object, and at all costs to convey a message of open defiance to the man then more powerful in New York than ever a Czar was in Russia. The Star man smiled grimly as he thought of it, and enumerated his munitions of war. In his pocket were bills to the amount of $3000 and an unlimited draft on a local bank. At the other end were five men, already instructed by telegraph to take his orders. However, as they had that day confessed defeat, the Star man dismissed them from consideration, patted his pocketbook of notes with some satisfaction, and resigned himself to rely upon them and his own good luck.

A few hours later the Tyrant, wearing that compromise between respectability and vulgarity—a dinner coat and things to match—walked imperiously and silently through the halls of the winter hotel. In the great, warm *foyer* sat benevolent State and city leaders of the party which, for the moment, this man dominated. Now and again the Tyrant beckoned. Nero could not have wiggled his fat fingers with more imperious gesture or to more frantic response. At the magic sign half a dozen elderly men rose, unapologetic, from the side of the women with whom they were talking. The lust of place was in their faces. Beneath the stern features of the Tyrant one could see the drunkenness that only comes with unmitigated power. One by one he took them, and duologues, jealously scanned by those waiting, ended with a wave or a gesture as imperious as the motion which gave rise to the whispered promenade.

Faultlessly dressed, thoroughly enjoying the after-effects of an excellent dinner, the Geisha music from the hotel band floating pleasantly around him, the Star man watched all these things. To tell the truth, he had been superbly lazy since he arrived. The Micawber-like humor which had enveloped him all that last day of the old year was taking him back to Harvard, where he was known more for his culture, his charm and his athletic prowess than for his "nose for news." To be sure, he had consulted with the five men whom the Howler already had at the hotel; but from them he had learned nothing new, nor gained one idea as to how an apparently impossible situation was to be met. At the present moment he was thinking how utterly out of place the Tyrant, who continually kept passing and repassing him, would have been at the particular commencement when he, the Star man, recited the Greek ode which won so much favor, or at the hop that he danced at with really one of the prettiest girls that ever——

The hotel clock struck nine. That material instinct which, in the short space of five years, had transformed a cub reporter, fresh from Harvard, into a Star man, reasserted itself. He went to the telephone and called up the Howler. By a coincidence which he neither suspected nor desired, one of the Tyrant's chief political lieutenants entered the next telephone booth and called up one of the few political demigods of New York who had been unable to be present at the court; and as the partitions were thin, the Star man could not help hearing this:

"Hallo! Is that you? Well, I just want to tell you that Mike is slated for street-cleaning. I'll let you know the whole slate later. Say! the old man won't let us wire anything except fake messages, for fear the Howler gets it. Yes, he's crazy about that 'rag.' You'll see the right list in all the papers except the Howler. Good-by. Call you up later and give you the list!"

The Star man heard nothing of interest over his own telephone. The hotel telegraph office was an open one facing the hall. Somewhat ostentatiously the Star man took a chair and sat close by the telegraph counter. Four operators were busy ticking out press and private messages. He could hear every movement of the instruments. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before one of the many newspaper men who swarmed around the hotel came up and, with a comprehensive glance at the Star man's proximity to the telegraph, sneered:

"So you came down for this, did you? Think you'll get out of the hole by listening to our dispatches, eh?"

Whereat unblushingly the Star man answered:

"Well, can't blame me, can you? I'm not kicking at your boycott of the Howler. Don't see why you should kick at me."

To his shame be it said, the Star man could neither read nor send a single word of a telegraphic message.

A few minutes later, after several leading newspaper men had had a hurried consultation with the Tyrant, there was a sudden descent upon the telegraph office. Each man took his copy and disappeared with it out into the night. There was a telegraph office, in another hotel, nearly a mile away. This the Star man knew, and it suited his book that they should refile their messages there. As a matter of fact, each correspondent had sent the much-desired list of appointments by special messenger on the train that arrived in New York about midnight, but there were references in these telegraphed messages and other items of news which they feared might be useful to the Howler, and which, if printed in that paper, would be taken by the Tyrant as a breach of their faith with him.

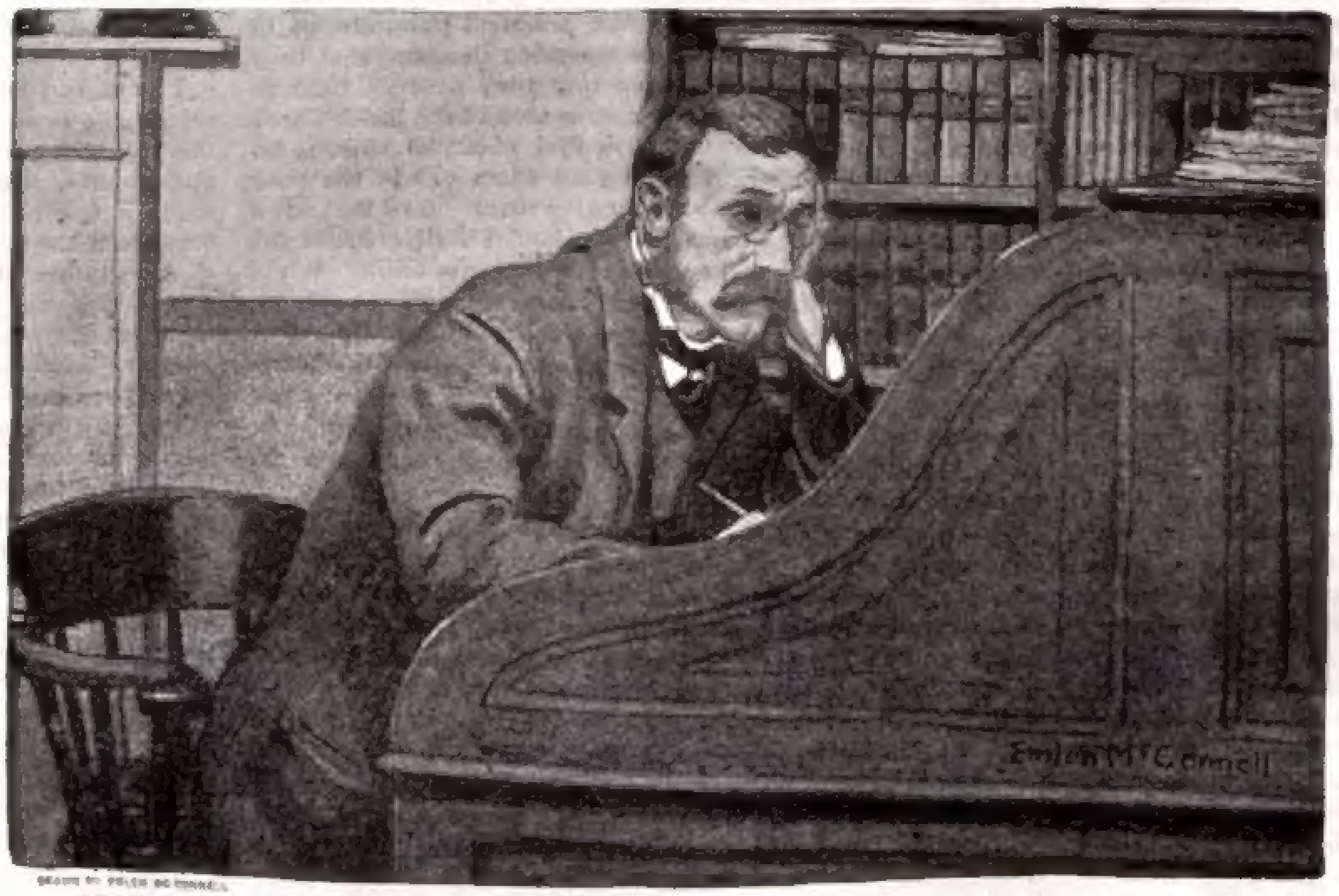
When the coast was pretty well cleared by this exodus of correspondents the Star man strolled out under the pines. He smoked as nonchalantly as any melodramatic villain until he came to a secluded part not far from the road to the village. Careful inspection revealed no onlookers. He buttoned up his coat, walked swiftly toward the road, clambered through a thick hedge, and set out on a gentle run for the lights that glimmered in the little valley half a mile ahead.

"It's a dirty trick," he said to himself, as he jogged along the dark country road. "Dirty trick in the beginning, overhearing a telephone conversation. Dirtier trick what I'm going to do. Wonder what the class of —— would think of it? Funny how sophistical one becomes when morality and newspaper business clash——"

He soon reached the little office which served as the village telephone exchange and public call station. He had to knock several times. Finally, the door was opened a few inches.

"What do you want?" said a feminine voice in rather petulant tones.

"Want to talk to New York, please," said the Star man. "Sorry to trouble you!" This in his most apologetic manner.



POSING HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR, INLAID IN HIS DESK, FOR THE PICTURE OF DESPAIR

The door was opened wide, and the Star man stepped into the stream of light which showed him the tiny office. Then the door shut, and he saw a slender girl, certainly not more than eighteen, with a whole wealth of brown hair carelessly coiled around her head, as if half-ready for bed, and a very evident smile playing around her lips. She was undoubtedly pretty, but—and the Star man fingered his pocketbook—very young for such business as he had on hand that night. Her smile broke into a laugh which she evidently tried, but utterly failed, to suppress, and which ended in a blush, vivid and embarrassing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Star man.

The girl paused.

"Well," she said, "to tell the truth, you look so funny!" and she laughed again. For the first time the Star man remembered the odd effect that a buttoned-up dress-coat and bare head is likely to produce. He laughed, too. The gayety of this little night-owl, with her twinkling eyes, brimful of humor, was infectious; and the merriment gave him an opening.

"You're rather young to be left alone in charge of this place at night, aren't you?" he queried.

"Oh! not so young," replied the girl, with mocking glance at his own beardless face. Then, with directness that was disconcerting, she asked:

"Why didn't you talk to New York from the hotel?"

"How did you know that I was at the hotel?" retorted the Star man, taken aback.

"Because I recognized your voice——"

"Do you mean to say you recognize one from all the voices you hear at the exchange?"

A call sounded. "No," said the girl, switching over a few pegs. She paused, talking at the keyboard; and as the light shone down on her face, the Star man, who was neither easily influenced nor without discriminating experience, mentally remarked: "By Jove! she certainly is pretty." The connection was made, and the girl, turning around, said:

"No, I don't remember *all* the voices; but I'd know yours."

"Why?" asked the Star man, rather pleased, yet a trifle suspicious.

The girl hesitated and blushed. "Oh, don't bother me," she finally blurted out; "I don't know; I rather—well—I rather liked your voice. Now will you be good?" and she went off into a fit of laughing, which ended as suddenly as it began, with the abrupt exclamation:

"What number do you want?"

The Star man asked for the Howler. Not that he really wanted that respected paper, but it would serve to kill time. While they waited to get through the Star man discovered that the girl's name was Vera, that her mother was paralyzed and at that moment lay on her bed upstairs. Vera modestly admitted that she "kept the roost going."

"Pretty busy it keeps me, too," she volunteered, "with all these politicians down here. They're telephoning New York all the time."

For the sake of something to say, the Star man asked her if she was interested in overhearing the various conversations.

"No," was the answer; then, with a merry twinkle: "But I think *you* would be if you could hear them."

"How d'you mean?"

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't tell you—(Hallo! yes, hold the wire!)—in fact, I've no right at all, but you must know that they're all trying to 'do' the Howler?"

"So I believe," said the Star man dryly. He was saying to himself: "How shall I ever summon up enough courage to offer a bribe to such a perfectly unsophisticated, frank young person? And yet, if I don't bribe her, what earthly chance have I got to get that list of appointments?"

"It's too bad," said the girl. "I hate to see anybody done like that. Why, it's a regular boycott. I know," she added archly, with an unspoken, blushing confession of eavesdropping, "how badly you want that list of appointments."

For a few seconds there had been on the tip of the Star man's tongue those preliminary sentences which prelude the offer of a bribe. In fact, he was even then handling some loose bills, meditating what would be the best sum to offer. Just as those thoughts were in his mind he encountered the half-sympathizing, half-shy glance of such an honest, lovable pair of young eyes that he crumpled the bills and said quite unconsciously and aloud:

"D——n it; I won't!"

As the girl looked at him in blank astonishment, his own face crimsoned deeper than most of his boon companions would ever have admitted to be possible. Just as he was about to explain he got through to the Howler. The managing editor was at the other end of the wire.

"It's no good," said the Star man, speaking fast and loudly. "We can't do it. We might as well make up our minds to be beaten. Yes, I know—rotten work, but"—with a gulp—"if you were down here yourself you'd see how impossible it was—— Eh? Oh, well, it's no good abusing me——" Then, very brusquely: "Good-night!"

The Star man paid for the telephone call, with strict carefulness as to the exact amount.

"You give it up, then?" asked the girl. The Star man laughed.

"Why," he said, "I think you take as much interest in it as I do. How full of confidences your little head must be if you take such concern in all the conversations that come under your control! Yes, I guess it's all up to me," with rather a bitter smile. "I'd probably better have stayed in New York——"

"I'm glad you didn't." Then, realizing the boldness of what she had said, the girl took refuge in much working of switches, for which there was no apparent reason.

The Star man turned to go. He put out his hand, took her small fingers in his own, grasped them firmly, and said:

"Little girl, you have taught me a lesson, and a good lesson at that. Good-night."

He trudged down the road back to the hotel. The wind was bitterly cold and did not soften his reflection of failure. He knew full well that in that telephone office he had deliberately left behind him the sole hope of success. A list of city appointments seemed a small thing, yet it was essential that the Howler, with its enormous local circulation, should not be beaten on it, and more essential still that the Tyrant should not be allowed to win what he had chosen to make a first and crucial test of power and hatred. All the Star man's enthusiasm, all his keen instinct for overcoming obstacles that stood between him and legitimate news, welled up in him. "Curse it!" he said. "A kiss and a five-dollar note, and that girl—— No! the five-dollar business would kill it. But the kiss—and I'd like it, too, apart from the business end."

He turned back and started once more for the telephone office. He had scarcely gone ten yards before he was denouncing himself as an arrant, unprincipled cad. A few minutes later, after a run which relieved his mind, he was in his hotel. The Howler's head political man pounced on him.

"Where on earth have you been?" he demanded. Then he drew him aside, and in confidential, exultant tones revealed to him he had got the list of appointments.

"How did you get it?" asked the Star man rather languidly.

"Oh! a little of the yellow and a little side work," was the rather mysterious reply. The old political man carefully pulled out the copy of a dispatch he had just sent to the Howler, containing the full slate.

"Well, I congratulate you," said the Star man. "Hold on a minute, and I'll come and have a smoke with you."

He started to perform his last task. It was after midnight, and the Tyrant had almost finished his incessant interviews. The Star man stopped him in the middle of the hall and put into his hands a short letter which authorized the bearer to speak and act for the Howler from an editorial, news, business, political and every other conceivable standpoint that a great newspaper may possess.

"I merely wish to tell you," said the Star man, in tones that were bitterly incisive and loud enough for those near by to hear, "that if you think you can prevent us getting news you are grievously mistaken. In any such attempt you will only succeed in making yourself ridiculous, and the editorial attacks upon you more bitter."

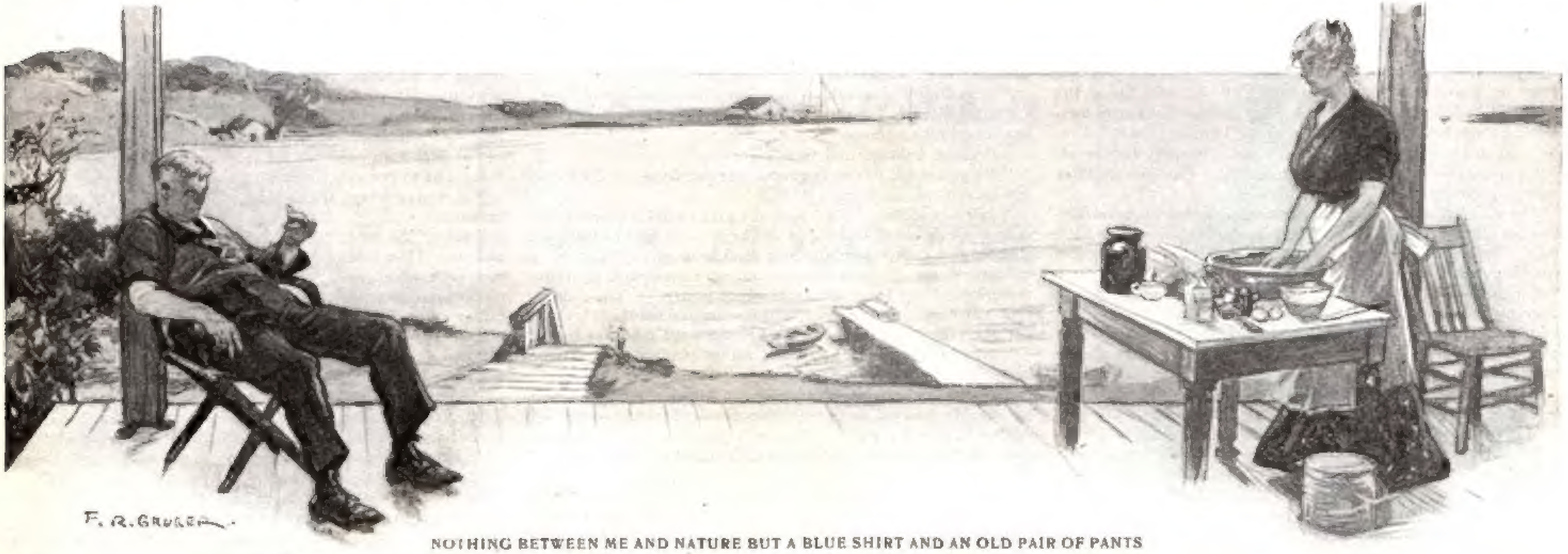
For a second the Tyrant sized up the tall frame of the Star man, from his fair head to his patent-leather shoes, as if measuring his strength with him and meditating where to strike. Two or three husky politicians started forward. Only by an effort the Tyrant restrained his natural outlet. With a loud oath he shouted:

"The Howler has pounded me for six years, and now I'll pound it! Not a thing will it ever get in New York!"

The drowsing politicians and their spouses awakened in alarm. Waiters and others gathered around.

(*Concluded on Page 23*)

OLD GORGON GRAHAM



NOTHING BETWEEN ME AND NATURE BUT A BLUE SHIRT AND AN OLD PAIR OF PANTS

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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XII—From John Graham, at Magnolia Villa, on the Florida Coast, to his son Pierrepont, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago. The old man has started back to Nature, but he hasn't gone quite far enough to lose sight of his business altogether.

MAGNOLIA VILLA, February 5, 1900.

Dear Pierrepont: Last week I started back to Nature, as you advised, but at the Ocean High Roller House I found that I had to wear knee breeches, which was getting back too far, or creases in my trousers, which wasn't far enough. So we've taken this little place, where there's nothing between me and Nature but a blue shirt and an old pair of pants, and I reckon that's near enough.

I'm getting a complexion and your ma's losing hers. Hadn't anything with her but some bonnets, so just before we left the hotel she went into a little branch store which a New York milliner runs there, and tried to buy a shade hat.

"How would this pretty little shepherdess effect do?" asked the girl who was showing the goods, while she sized me up to see if the weight of my pocketbook made my coat sag.

"How much is it?" asked your ma.

"Fifty dollars," said the girl as bright and sassy as you please.

"I'm not such a simple little shepherdess as that," answered your ma, just a little brighter and a little sassier, and she's going around bareheaded. She's doing the cooking and making the beds, because the white girls from the North aren't willing to do 'both of them works,' and the native niggers don't seem to care a great deal about doing any work. And I'm splitting the wood for the kitchen stove and an occasional fish that has committed suicide. This morning, when I was casting through the surf, a good-sized drum chased me up on shore, and he's now the star performer in a chowder that your ma has billed for dinner.

They call this place a villa, though it's really a villainy; and what I pay for it rent, though it's actually a robbery. But they can have the last bill in the roll if they'll leave me your ma, and my appetite, and that tired feeling at night. It's the bulliest time we've had since the spring we moved into our first little cottage back in Missouri, and raised climbing roses and our pet pig, Toby. It's good to have money and the things that money will buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money won't buy. When a fellow's got what he set out for in this world he should go off into the woods for a few weeks now and then to make sure that he's still a man, and not a plug hat and a frock coat and a wad of bills.

You can't do the biggest things in the world unless you can handle men; and you can't handle men if you're not in sympathy with them; and sympathy begins in humility. I don't mean the humility that crawls for a nickel in the streets and cringes for a thousand in the office; but the humility that a man finds when he goes gunning in the woods for the truth about himself. It's the sort of humility that makes a fellow proud of a chance to work in the world, and want to be a square merchant, or a good doctor, or an honest lawyer, before he's a rich one. It makes him understand that while life is full of opportunities for him, it's full of responsibilities toward the other fellow, too.

That doesn't mean that you ought to coddle idleness, or to be slack with viciousness, or even to carry on the pay-roll well-meaning incompetence. For a fellow who mixes business and charity soon finds that he can't make any money to give to charity, and in the end, instead of having helped others, he's only added himself to the burden of others. The kind of sympathy I mean holds up men to the bull-ring, without forgetting in its own success the hardships and struggles and temptations of the fellow who hasn't got there yet, but is honestly trying to. There's more practical philanthropy in keeping close to these men and speaking the word that they need, or giving them the shove that they deserve, than in building an eighteen-hole golf course around the Stock Yards for them. Your force can always find plenty of reasons for striking, without your furnishing an extra one in the poor quality of the golf-balls that you give them. So I make it a rule that everything I hand out to my men shall come in the course of business, and be given on a business basis. When profits are large they get a large bonus and a short explanation of the business reasons in the office and the country that have helped them to earn it; when profits are small the bonus shrinks and the explanation expands. I sell the men their meats and give them their meals in the house restaurant at cost, but nothing changes hands between us except in exchange for work or cash.

If you want a practical illustration of how giving something for nothing works, pick out one of your old college friends who's too strong to work, or a sixteenth cousin who's missed connections with the express to Fortune, and say: "You're a pretty good fellow, and I want to help you; after this I'm going to send you a hundred dollars the first of every month until you've made a new start." He'll fairly sicken you with his thanks for that first hundred; he'll call you his generous benefactor over three or four pages for the second; he'll send you a nice little half-page note of thanks for the third; he'll write "Yours of the first with inclosure to hand—thanks," for the fourth; he'll forget to acknowledge the fifth; and when the sixth doesn't come promptly he'll wire collect: "Why this delay in sending my check—mail at once." And all the time he won't have stirred a step in the direction of work, because he'll have reasoned, either consciously or unconsciously: "I can't get a job that will pay me more than a hundred a month to start with; but I'm already drawing a hundred without working; so what's the use?" But when a fellow can't get a free pass, and he has any sort of stuff in him, except what hoboes are made of, he'll usually hustle for his carfare rather than ride through life on the bumpers of a freight.

The only favor that a good man needs is an opportunity to do the best work that's in him; and that's the only present you can make him once a week that will be a help instead of a hindrance to him. It's been my experience that every man has in him the possibility of doing well some one thing, no matter how humble, and that there's some one in some place who wants that special thing done. The difference between a fellow who succeeds and one who fails is that the first gets out and chases after the man who needs him and the second sits around waiting to be hunted up.

When I was a boy we were brought up to believe that we were born black with original sin, and that we bleached out a little under old Doc. Hoover's preaching. And in the church down Main Street they taught that a lot of us were predestined to be damned and a few of us to be saved; and naturally we all had our favorite selections for the first bunch. I used to accept the doctrine of predestination for a couple of weeks every year, just before the Main Street Church held its Sunday-school picnic, and there are a few old rascals in the Stock Yards that make me lean toward it sometimes now; but in the main I believe that most people start out with a plenty of original goodness.

The more I deal in it the surer I am that human nature is all off the same critter, but that there's a heap of choice in the cuts. Even then a bad cook will spoil a four-pound porterhouse, where a good one will take a chuck steak, make a few passes over it with seasoning and fixings, and serve something that will line your insides with happiness. Circumstances don't make men, but they shape them, and you want to see that those under you are furnished with the right set of circumstances.

Every fellow is really two men—what he is and what he might be; and you're never absolutely sure which you're going to bury till he's dead. But a man in your position can do a whole lot toward furnishing the officiating clergyman with beautiful examples instead of horrible warnings. The great secret of good management is to be more alert to prevent a man's going wrong than eager to punish him for it. That's why I centre authority and distribute checks upon it. That's why I've never had any Honest Old Toms, or Good Old Dicks, or Faithful Old Harrys handling my good money weekdays and presiding over the Sabbath-school, Sundays, for twenty years, and leaving the old man short a hundred thousand and the little ones short a superintendent during the twenty-first year.

It's right to punish these fellows, but a suit for damages ought to lie against their employers. Criminal carelessness is a bad thing, but the carelessness that makes criminals is worse. The chances are that, to start with, Tom and Dick were honest and good at the office and sincere at the Sunday-school, and that, given the right circumstances, they would have stayed so. It was their employers' business to see that they were surrounded by the right circumstances at the office and to find out whether they surrounded themselves with them at home.

A man who's fundamentally honest is relieved instead of aggrieved by having proper checks on his handling of funds. And the bigger the man's position and the amount that he handles, the more important this is. A minor employee can only take minor sums, and the principal harm done is to himself; but when a big fellow gets into you it's for something big, and more is hurt than his morals and your feelings.

I dwell a little on these matters, because I want to fix it firmly in your mind that the man who pays the wages must put more in the weekly envelope than money if he wants to get his full money's worth. I've said a good deal about the importance of little things to a boss, don't forget their importance to your men. A thousand-dollar clerk doesn't think with a ten-thousand-dollar head; a fellow whose view is shut in by a set of ledgers can't see very far and so stampedes easier than one whose range is the whole shop; a brain that can't originate big things can't forget trifles so quick as one in which the new ideas keep crowding out the old annoyances. Ten thousand a year will sweeten a multitude of things that don't taste pleasant, but there's not so much sugar in a thousand to help them down. The sting of some little word or action that wouldn't get under your skin at all is apt to swell up one of these fellows' bump of self-esteem as big as an eggplant, and make it sore all over.

It's always been my policy to give a little extra courtesy and consideration to the men who hold the places that don't draw the extra good salaries. It's just as important to the house that they should feel happy and satisfied as the big fellows. And no man who's doing his work well is too small for a friendly word and a pat on the back, and no fellow who's doing his work poorly is too big for a jolt that will knock the nonsense out of him

You can't afford to give your men a real grievance no matter how small it is; for a man who's got nothing to occupy him but his work can accomplish twice as much as one who's busy with his work and a grievance. The average man will leave terrapin and champagne in a minute to chew over the luxury of feeling abused. Even when a man isn't satisfied with the supply of real grievances which life affords, and goes off hunting up imaginary ones, like a blame old gourmandizing French hog that leaves a full trough to root through the woods for truffles, you still want to be polite; for when you fire a man there's no good reason for doing it with a yell

Noise isn't authority, and there's no sense in ripping and roaring and cussing around the office when things don't please you. For when a fellow's given to that his men secretly won't give a cuss whether he's pleased or not. They'll jump when he speaks, because they value their heads, not his good opinion. Indiscriminate blame is as bad as undiscriminating praise — it only makes a man tired.

I learned this, like most of the sense I've got — hard; and it was only a few years ago that I took my last lesson in it. I came down one morning with my breakfast digesting pretty easy, and found the orders fairly heavy and the kicks rather light, so I told the young man who was reading the mail to me, and who, of course, hadn't had anything to do with the run of orders, to buy himself a suit of clothes and send the bill to the old man.

Well, when the afternoon mail came in I dipped into that, too, but I'd eaten a pretty tony luncheon, and it got to finding fault with its surroundings, and the letters were as full of kicks as a drove of Missouri mules. So I began taking it out on the fellow who happened to be handiest, the same clerk to whom I had given the suit of clothes in the morning. Of course, he hadn't had anything to do with the run of kicks either, but he never put up a hand to defend himself till I was all through, and then he only asked:

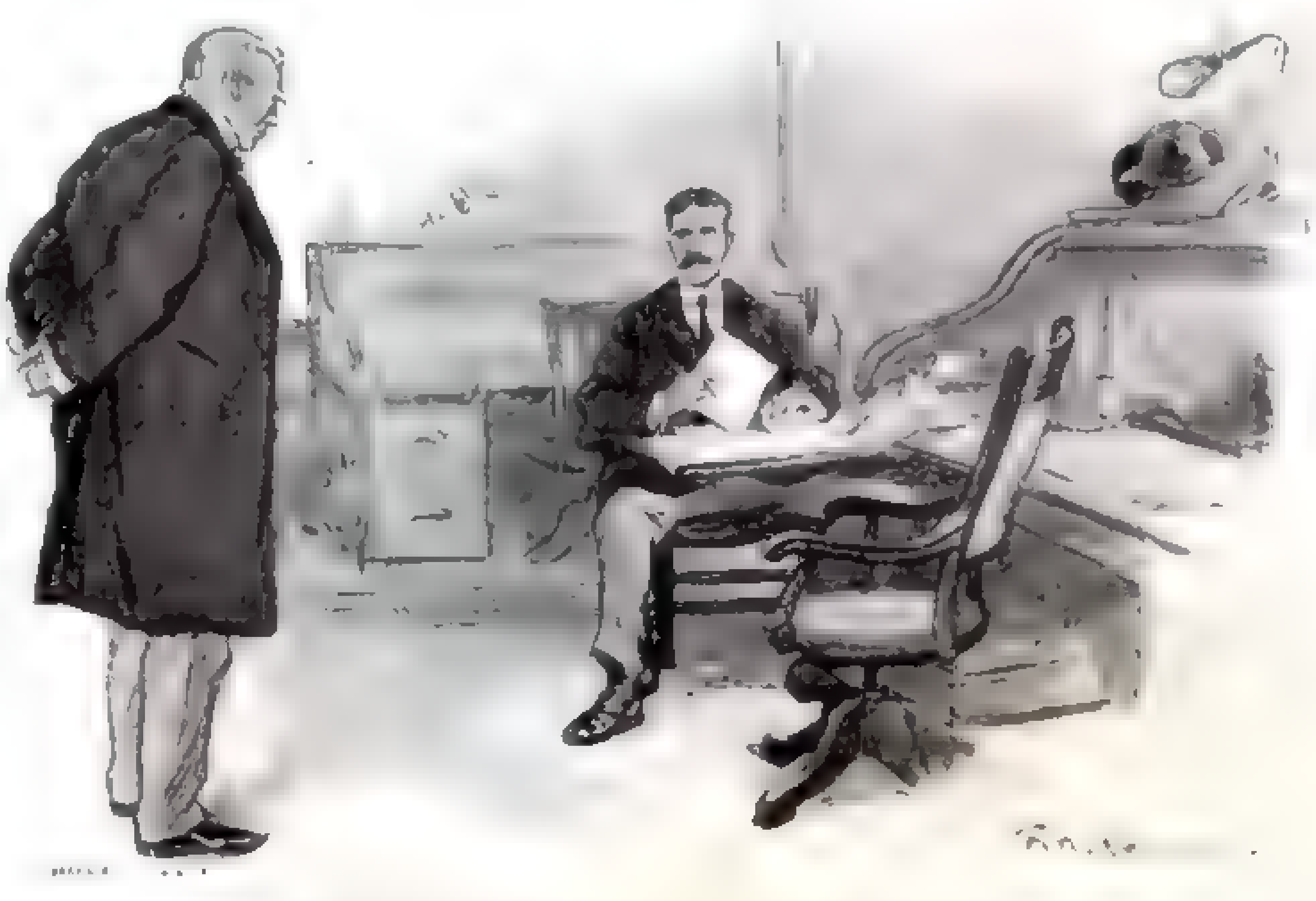
"Say, Mr. Graham, don't you want that suit of clothes back?"

Of course, I could have fired him on the spot for impudence, but I made it a suit and an overcoat instead. I don't expect to get my experience on free passes. And I had my money's worth, because it taught me that it's a good rule to make sure the other fellow's wrong before you go ahead. When you jump on the man who didn't do it you make sore spots all over him; and it takes the spring out of your leap for the one who did it.

One of the first things a boss must lose is his temper — and it must stay lost. There's about as much sense in getting yourself worked up into a rage when a clerk makes a mistake as there is in going into the barn and touching off a keg of gunpowder under the terrier, because he got mixed up in the dark and blundered into a chicken-coop instead of a rat-hole. Fido may be an all-right ratter, in spite of the fact that his foot slips occasionally, and a cut now and then with a switch enough to keep him in order; but if his taste for chicken develops faster than his nose for rats it's easier to give him to one of the neighbors than to blow him off the premises

Where a few words, quick, sharp and decisive, aren't enough for a man, a cussing out is too much It proves that he's unfit for his work, and it unfits you for yours The world is full of fellows who could take the energy which they put into useless cussing of their men and double their business with it.

Your affectionate father,
John Graham.



"DON'T YOU WANT THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES BACK?"

GOOD OLD DICK

Hanna and the Bandwagon

When Uncle Mark took leave of the correspondents at the close of the campaign tour which proved to be his last he said: "Good-by, boys, and good luck to you. We have had a good time. I know I did, and I enjoyed this trip more than any I ever took. I never had so much fun in all my life, and it was the best vacation I ever had. I can tell you one thing, boys, and that is, I shall never forget Hiawatha as long as I live"

During that tour every brass band in Ohio had Hiawatha in its repertory. A country Sousa would be disgraced forever were he forced to confess that his artists could not play that air. About that time it had invaded the remotest towns in the interior, and wherever the Hanna-Herrick-Harding combination "showed" one or more brass bands were sure to serve up Hiawatha.

"That Hiawatha will certainly drive me to distraction," said Harding one day. "If I had your power, Senator Hanna, I should ask the President to issue a proclamation forbidding any brass band to play that confounded tune on pain of banishment"

"I rather like it," said Hanna. "What do you want these bands to play: The Moonlight Sonata or The Creation?"

"I don't care what they play, but if they keep up this Hiawatha pandemonium I shall quit the combination."

But the country bands, and even some of the city bands, kept right on. Harding was furious, and the angrier he got the more Uncle Mark enjoyed it.

The train was speeding rapidly in the direction of Greenville, the metropolis of Darke County. "Dover," said Harding, turning to the Senator's private secretary, "I'll bet you a dollar we'll hear Hiawatha in Greenville."

"Oh, pshaw," Dover replied, "you want to bet on a sure thing. I'll put up a dollar to your nickel that we'll hear it."

"Pretty good odds," remarked Harding; "guess I'll go you. It's a good bet even if I lose."

One station ahead, the Greenville reception committee, dressed in their best and decorated with gorgeous red and blue badges, boarded the train. After the usual formalities and introductions a member of the committee turned to Uncle Mark and remarked: "Goin' t' have a mighty fine time in Greenville. The hull county has turned out to hear you folks. We'll hev the biggest parade you ever seen."

"Any music?" asked Hanna with a twinkle in his kindly brown eyes.

"Music? Guess we be," said another committeeman. "Hired every brass band in Darke County."

Hanna could not suppress a broad smile, and the committeemen took it for a smile of satisfaction

"Work it up, boys," said he, turning to the correspondents, as he walked into the hotel at Greenville. "Harding is madder'n blazes."

While the all-star combination was shaking hands with the eager populace of Darke County in the hotel corridor the parade was forming for the trip to the county fair grounds where the big demonstration was about to be held. The parade contained eight rural brass bands and a number of political clubs. Harding looked the bands over and decided that Hiawatha had not yet reached darkest Darke County.

Meanwhile two of the newspaper men took Uncle Mark's advice and started to "work it up."

The first band encountered in front of the hotel was led by a German. "Do you play Hiawatha?" one of the correspondents asked the leader

The leader turned around as though cut to the quick "Doos us blay Hiavata?" he repeated. "I vant you to versteh dat ve can blay everytings vat's rote."

"I merely asked you the question, because it's Senator Hanna's favorite piece. I am sure he would like to hear it."

"Vat you know 'bout id?"

"We are in the Senator's party."

"Ach, so? Hiavata is hart on de libs, but if Hanna vant id ve blay id on der drip oud."

The two conspirators went down the line and spoke to all the other leaders, and all promised to oblige the Senator

As Hanna walked toward his carriage he slyly asked one of the plotters: "Well, boys, did you?"

"We did."

Hanna and three committeemen occupied the first carriage; Herrick, Harding and two committeemen the next, and the correspondents followed. The start was made, and the band in the lead began to play The Conquering Hero

"I thought so," said Harding to Herrick; "I told you that Hiawatha hadn't invaded Darke County"

The words were hardly out of Harding's mouth when band number two drowned band number one with Hiawatha. Hanna shook with laughter, Herrick smiled, and Harding frowned

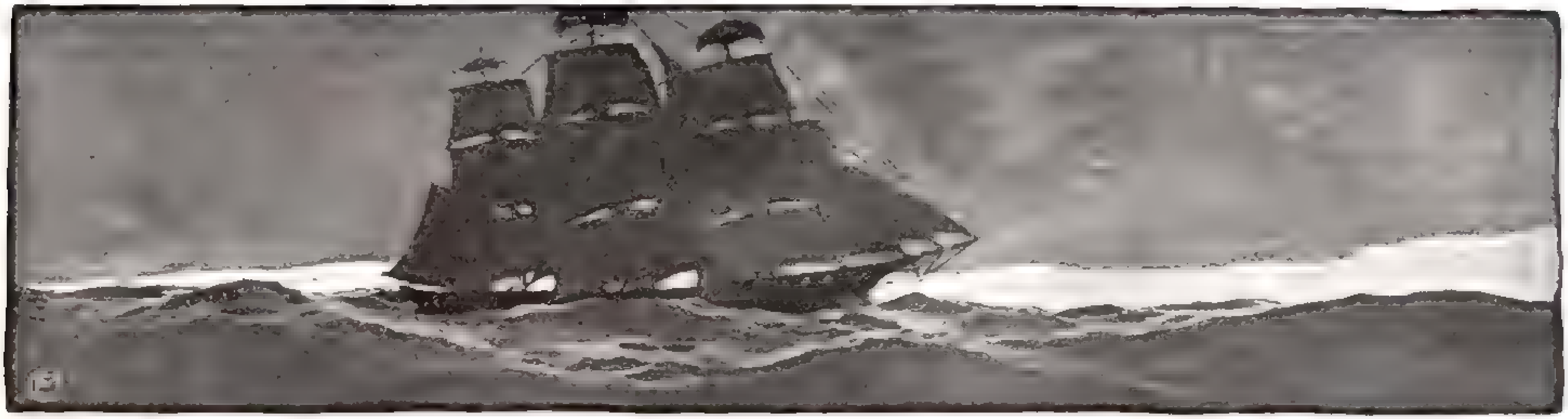
"What's the matter?" asked one of the committeemen, turning to Hanna.

"It tickles me to see such an outpouring of the people in what has generally been supposed to be a Democratic county. Judging by the way things are looking here, I don't believe the Democrats will carry a single county in the State."

As soon as band number two concluded the third took up the same air, and all the way from the hotel to the fair grounds, a distance of more than two miles, it was one grand Hiawatha jubilee

Herrick said afterward that Harding threatened half a dozen times to leap from his carriage, and he swore that unless the bands gave their solemn promise not to inflict Hiawatha upon him on the way from the fair grounds to the station he should walk. But it continued to be a Hiawatha prize contest from start to finish, and even at the fair grounds, while preparations for the speeches were in progress, the bands played "Hanna's favorite tune"

Merchant Princes of Old New York—By Arthur E. McFarlane



The Beginning of the New Régime

ALMOST three generations ago New York already had its emperor of finance. James G. King was his name, and, for all his fame is eclipsed and forgotten now, in his own time he was certainly one of the powerful. With awe he was named "the almighty of Wall Street." It was said that he balanced the market on his finger. And he was of such imperial gait and port that when he made his appearance upon any public scene all the bands began to play spontaneously.

It is not to speak of his glory, however, that I wish to recall his memory to a less reverent modern world, but for the sake of a lesson upon credit and money values which he once found time to administer to one of the "young Napoleons" of his period. It was at a time when the Street was unusually excited. The youth was on the upward wave; and in the fullness of his confidence he had made prophecy that it would not be long until he was King's successor. That came to the ears of the latter, and he chuckled over the information in silence. It also came to his ears that his successor-to-be was just then borrowing largely from certain Broadway note-shavers.

Thereupon King got the young man to pay him the honor of a call. He rubbed up his not unkindly glasses, slowly looked him over, and ended by rather liking him. "I hear," he said with an old man's abruptness, "that you have been raising money from So-and-so?"

The youth, startled out of his first self-command, admitted it

"And you are probably paying them three per cent. per month?"

"And if I am, allow me to ask, what is that to you?"

"Nothing, my dear young fellow, nothing whatever, unless I may venture to tell you that I had previously always been of the opinion that no business could ever justify paying any such price for money as that."

"The business *I* am carrying on," said the young man, "would justify me paying it many times over."

"Good!" said King. "Then I come to my business in hand. I should like very much to have you borrow from me."

"It is a matter of indifference to me from whom I borrow," quoth the youth majestically.

"Good again! But I must tell you that I have never been accustomed to lend out money for less than two years, and I should prefer to make it three."

"I could find the best of uses for it for five."

"Oh, three is very well to begin with. And the amount? Shall we say $100,000 as a commencement? We can speak of more when we become better acquainted."

The young man, drawing himself up another inch, intimated that he was prepared to pay discount for the $100,000 at once.

King went over to his accountant. He was gone some time, and when he returned it was with the following statement:

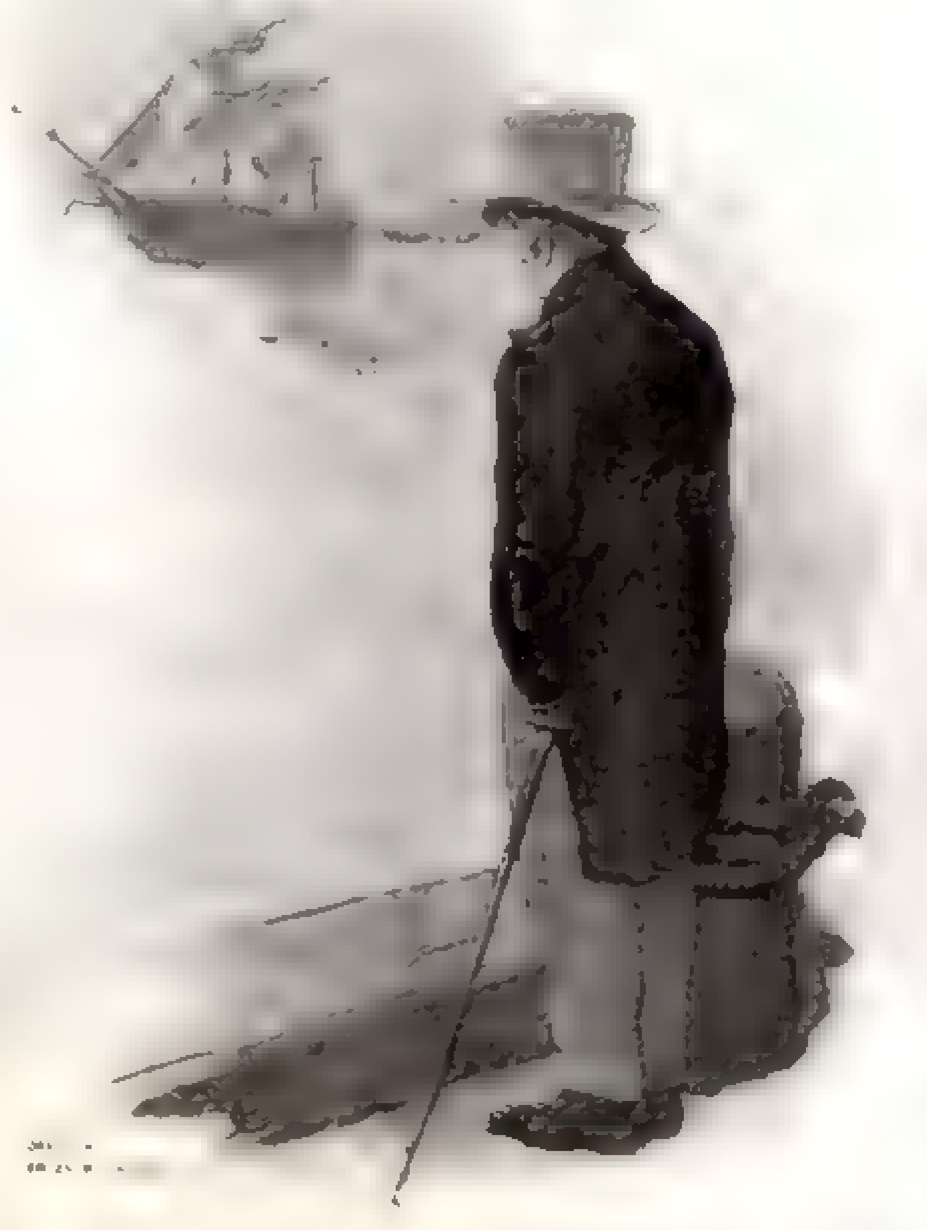
Note of Mr. D. U. L., payable three years after date, for	$100,000
Discount at three per cent. a month, or thirty-six per cent. a year, . . .	108,000
Balance due Prime, Ward & King, .	$8,000

"I suppose you have a blank check with you?" asked the old gentleman.

The young Napoleon had not. He went forth in a state of thoughtfulness worth even more than $100,000 when discounted for three years. And it was said that ever afterward he was about the most conservative youth on the Street.

The Days of Long Credit

KING had said that he was not accustomed to lend for less than two years, which was his one gentle exaggeration But he lived in a time which was as much one of long credit as it was of long voyages; and forty years later all the old houses were still holding to the tradition. When A. T Stewart, progenitor of the moderns, set up the first really great department store in New York, and announced it as his intention both to buy and sell for cash, he rather thought that this most hardy innovation would win him the praise of the hero among his ancient fellows. Far from that, his departure was regarded with an immeasurable disgust; for at that time every business establishment that went back two generations regarded credit, and good, long credit, too, as the very badge of business respectability. If a man dated his notes for the day he made them he might as well go down into his pockets for the actual coin like a greasy-thumbed cow-buyer. Mr. Stewart and his "cash store" might break and burn for all the regard borne them by Broadway. . . . And the institution of credit had, in the memory of most of those old houses, been something much more than a mere honorable custom; for until the year 1825, at least, the Government itself had given credit, and that not only for six and twelve months, but oftener for eighteen. Thereby many of those same merchants had made their fortunes, too; and the manner of their making must be curious reading for the business man of to-day. It is one of their old clerks, Walter Barret, of whom more later who has left us the account of how the thing was done.



THERE STILL EXISTED THE ANCIENT BUT NEVER WHOLLY HONORABLE ORDER OF "BATTERY WALKERS"

A ship would start for China in early May. She would carry a cargo of ginseng, spelter, iron, lead, and $170,000 or more in Spanish dollars—Spanish dollars being the one form of payment wholly acceptable to the Celestials; even the great merchant, Houqua, looked askance at anything else. At Whampoa the exchange would be made. In two months the supercargo would have aboard his return shipment of tea, cassia, chinaware and the like. The tea was, of course, the principal thing. It cost on an average thirty-seven cents a pound, a price much higher than that of the present, where we would naturally expect to find it much lower. And, moreover, the duty was enormous. It approximated to seventy-five cents a pound. Therefore, $200,000 worth of tea paid $400,000 into the New York custom office Put with that the average importers' profit of fifty per cent. on the cost price in China, and you have a cargo which of necessity commanded from the wholesale grocers a return of $700,000—and that generally within eleven or twelve months after the original sailing of the ship.

But for the $400,000 of duty the Government was content to take the importer's notes for eighteen months, accompanied by suitable bonds, while the importer, for his part, immediately turned the notes of those wholesale grocers into more Spanish dollars. With the use of that Government money two additional ships could be sent out; and, what was more, in the proper course of things they would be back again full-freighted six or seven months before those notes came due. At the next cast the happy China merchant would have the use of $800,000, and so, by arithmetical progression, to any amount he chose, providing only that his ships did not go down and he could sell his tea. And many profited by it mightily. It was estimated that for eighteen or twenty years John Jacob Astor rarely had the use of less than $5,000,000 from the Washington treasury. Yet, on the other hand, there was another and a much less capable financier, Thomas H. Smith, who saw in the system such an absolutely perfect get-rich-quick scheme that he sent for a great many more cargoes of tea than even a congress of Doctor Johnsons could have consumed; and, despite all bonds, he defaulted to Washington to the extent of $3,500,000. What happened to him then I know not, but this I know, that at that time there still stood in City Hall Park a most dungeon-like debtors' prison, which was no place of cheer. The hapless wights incarcerated therein had for their diet naught but soup; and to compute how long it would take a man to put by $3,500,000 by living solely on soup would call for a great arithmetician.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. McFarlane on Merchant Princes of Old New York.

But be far from us all such thoughts of contumelious flippancy. Our period was one when business was still of an uncorrupted dignity. True, there was always a certain body of turbulent spirits, riotous and adventuring men of the sea, owners and masters of a marine which was never less than half at war. But your real "city merchant" was of a majestic virtue and a solid sobriety which gave nothing to old London itself. His was that righteous pride of good, thick broadcloths and double-plaited satin stocks and heavy mahogany furniture. It was a pride which called for four-square solidly-built houses — and marble, at that, even in the thirties — all surrounded by high garden walls. And in front of the "palace" built by Truman Reed, on Greenwich Street, he laid down flagstones "the size of which was the wonder of the age"; kings could have had no bigger.

It was a time when men still underlined their signatures with fine, long sweeps of the quill; or, as often, they did not sign at all, but "merely gave the word of an honest man." There was no jugglery and jockeying in coming to the point in those days. When John Jacob Astor wanted to put up his hotel he went to old John G. Coster, whose property he needed, and came out with it all bluff and blunt: "I want to build a hotel on this block, and I have bought all the houses except yours. Now, you name two friends and I will name one to value your property. I will add $20,000 to any price they may put upon it and immediately give you my check for the money!" There was no dodging and diddling about that. Little wonder was it that the New York ministers so frequently took for their text that verse which spoke of "a crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." And those merchants had their biographers, too, who well might ask: "Where are your Clintons, your Jays, your Burrs and Hamiltons — so-called statesmen — when compared with the wealth and glory of the creators of this great commercial metropolis? . . . In this city lawyers rarely raise their heads unless patronized by merchants. There is no class of citizens that excels or even equals them, unless it be editors!" There were consuls who were glad enough to be admitted to their ranks — Belmont, and Barclay, and De La Figanier from Portugal. To be sure, the last named had so little sense of his new station as to attempt for some time to hold his tape-and-sealing-wax position along with it. When a Portuguese captain was announced he would retreat to his rear office, divest himself of his honorable raiment, and reemerge in his befrogged and medaled mummery and his perking cocked hat and sword: for the next hour those New Yorkers who had been so ill-advised as to raise him to their fellowship burned in the nose as they passed his door

Nor was it only long credit and mahogany furniture and discerning biographers that sustained their repute and dignity. Much more besides fed thereto. The system of housing one's clerks and exacting from them a virtue which shone impeccable reflected hardly less shiningly upon the master. Here is a partial list of the rules by which the "commercial apprentice" was made to comport himself:

> No clerk shall drink ardent spirits
>
> No clerk shall stay out after ten o'clock.
>
> All clerks shall attend the prayer-meeting twice a week
>
> All clerks shall attend Divine service on the Sabbath; and they shall report on Monday which church, give the name of the clergyman who officiated, and repeat the text
>
> No clerk shall go to the theatre.

To break this last rule commonly meant dismissal. And if the offending "commercial apprentice" was reported to have gone to the length of making the acquaintance of any of the tribe of play-actors he was at once solemnly black-listed by every reputable house in the city.

In those days, too, the merchant of dignity had not begun to lower himself by any ostentatious advertisement. The "reputable house" did its advertising no less soberly and respectably than it did its banking. It paid over its forty dollars to the Mercury or the Commercial as an annual subscription, and that subscription covered the cost of the "subscriber's announcements." Nor was there any limit upon the space they were privileged to fill. To set a limit would have been insulting — no less so than as if your Boniface were to stipulate that you were to eat only so much at dinner. It is always understood that gentlemen will not overdo these things. To advertise "genteelly" you inserted an invoice-abstract of your last ship to come in. Above all, no puffery. As for the staples, cottons and the like, all cottons being the same cottons, it was not considered good form to speak of them. If, too, you had anything which you were willing to sell off cheap, for your own credit you would keep that fact out of your announcement. In your store you could put such stock on a table apart in some more secluded corner; and in this way, unless you repeated such sales several times a year, you did not of necessity lose your business caste. It was also allowable to announce in the Boston and Philadelphia papers the great wharf-end auctions which took place every few weeks while your East Indiamen and China ships were coming in.

And, although at the commencement of those auctions a barrel was broached on the pier-head, let no one think there was any unworthy levity about them. An auctioneer was a man of weight. William B. Astor acted as such for his father, and the name of Philo Mills, chiefest of them, was pronounced with reverence.

The Limits of Honorable Enterprise

TO SAY just how far a man might go in enterprise — upon which there was always the taint of pushfulness — was a hard question to decide. For example, the species of enterprise shown in 1812 by the cotton firm of Schenk & Wheeler, of Charleston, was considered in no way dishonorable to them. Having foreseen that the hostilities which had just commenced would, in all probability, close the Atlantic for several seasons, they organized a great wagon service, and carted their whole stock overland to the factories at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson; and during the blockade years they profited accordingly. J. L. Kennedy, too, though undoubtedly enterprising, never lost his respectability. Indeed, late on in his life, during the Mexican War, he won himself undoubted honor. By his energy he had come into possession of most of the city of Jalapa, and when General Scott marched upon it, and was about to take it by assault, Kennedy went out to meet him, showed him that such a proceeding might read well in the newspapers, but it would do most serious damage to New York credit; it would, indeed, deal Columbia the most deadly and covert of stabs. General Scott, realizing how near he had come to committing one of those blunders which have destroyed the greatest of reputations, hastily withdrew and directed his march upon another route. They are not the only true patriots who wear the uniforms.

Of a much different principle was the would-be enterprise of George A. Moore, who, in the twenties, went audaciously to work to get possession of all the coffee on the market. To store the tremendous quantities he bought he had to add loft upon loft to his warehouse, until, in the words of an awed eyewitness, "it was almost up to the sky." But, for all his buying, there remained always more coffee still unbought. He had a chance to keep his warehouseful. And, for all history runneth to the contrary, his posterity may not have had an opportunity to try any newer brands in the family pot unto this day; which, indeed, would be only a judgment upon them

Within the same five years the Carnes Brothers took their meteoric but most discreditable flight. They were among the first to become acquainted with one of the wholly reprobate phases of Oriental genius. It was still in that opulent period when Chinese cinnamon was used as packing for general cargoes! And on one occasion there came to the Carnes' warehouse another root, which, if it had looked just a little differently and had had a slightly nippier taste, might well have been taken for Turkish rhubarb. Now, Howard Carnes had learned when acting as a Whampoa supercargo that if the Celestials are hardly in the front rank as originators, as imitators they leave the Occidental altogether in the apprentice class. He therefore bought one thousand tins such as were commonly used for casing the genuine Turkish rhubarb, and shipped them to the representatives of the firm at Canton. They came back filled with a medicament which seemed almost more genuine than the original. And when some of his upright fellow-merchants, who had learned of the transaction, showed him unmistakably in what light they regarded it, he laughed loudly, and informed them without shame that he had had the mixture tested and "it was as harmless as sawdust!" And those Carnes Brothers had in the mean time sent out a sample vial of attar of roses, worth fifteen dollars an ounce at home. There came back to them enough *samski*, its exact duplicate, to fill a dozen drug store window-urns; and *samski* cost something less than sixpence an ounce. Then they tried the Orientals with some famous English sauces and costly Gallic sweetmeats and condiments. It is said — and we dare not doubt the word of our forefathers — that the Orientals imitated them "even to producing facsimiles of the London and Paris labels." The Carnes sent them samples of Lyons silk, Italian mosaic and ivory work, fans and jewelry; the imitations still came back indistinguishable from the originals. The crowning feat was, however, an unexpected one. The unblushing firm now decided to double its trade by popularizing Chinese fireworks, and it sent out for a double cargo of them. . . . When those fireworks arrived, and came to be put upon the market, it was found that the Celestials had once more surpassed themselves. They had imitated their own powder, and even the language of the Carnes Brothers at the discovery did not succeed in igniting it!

Those Carnes might well have been a lesson. Yet, though their fate was a warning indeed to all New Yorkers with advanced ideas, it seems to have been no curb whatever upon the pestiferous boldness of certain outsiders. In the years which followed there fell upon the merchants of Manhattan a plague of pushful Philadelphians. They came up to New York to attend those great wharf-end auctions; and, far from being kept in their proper station by being compelled to pay toll to the Manhattan commission merchants, this appeared to make them only more outrageous in their hardihood. They would go to a length in calling a pool which should have turned upward to the heavens the erstwhile tranquil eyes of William Penn. Bevan and Humphreys, Samuel Comly and Henry Toland — these were individually bad enough — but as for John McCrea, he would periodically descend upon New York and put up money until he either had to borrow five dollars from a brother Philadelphian to take him home again, or was heading thither with more hard and shining Manhattan bullion than the laws of interstate commerce should ever have permitted to go south of the Hudson. The worst of it was that McCrea throve by his depravity; before he died he was the owner of nineteen packet ships. And another of his fellow-citizens, John Robins, was little better. It was Robins who, as a lad, had made his beginning by catching a musk-rat and trading its skin for a Bible and a copy of Robinson Crusoe; and there's no use attempting to do anything with a breed like that!

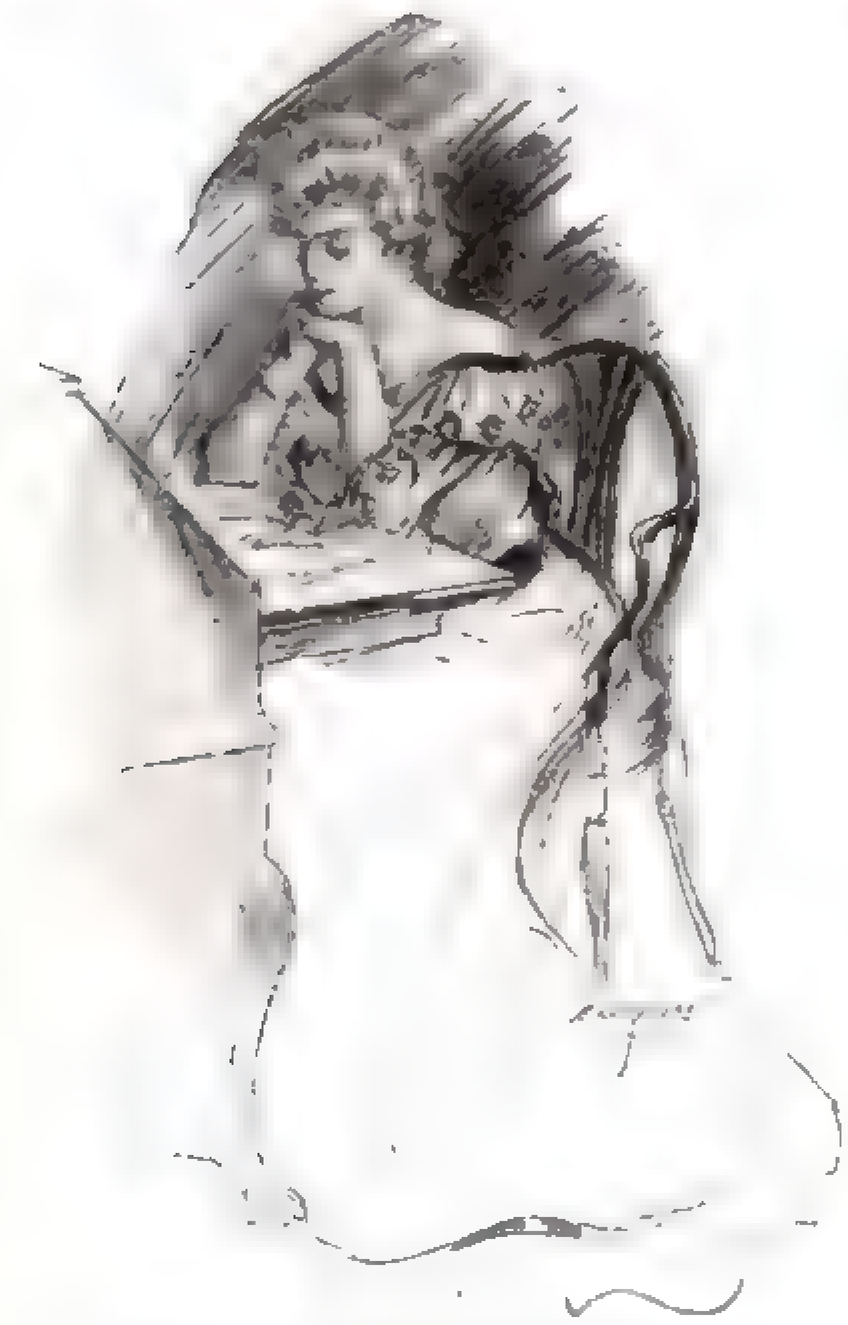
Nor were those the only sorrows that were eating at the vitals of the proud dignity of New York's merchant princes.

(*Concluded on Page 24*)

IF A HORSE GAVE OUT BARRET WENT AHEAD ON THE FRESHEST STILL REMAINING

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell



"I NEVER DID KNOW HOW MUCH SEVEN TIMES EIGHT IS"

VIII

THAT evening, after proper deliberation, "Celestine," Miss Hugonin commanded, "get out that little yellow dress with the little red bandanna handkerchiefs on it, and, for Heaven's sake, stop pulling my hair out by the roots, unless you want a *raving* maniac on your hands, Celestine!"

Whereby she had landed me in a quandary. For how, pray, is it possible for me, a simple-minded male, fittingly to depict for you the clothes of Margaret—the innumerable vanities, the quaint devices, the pleasing conceits with which she delighted to enhance her comeliness? The thing is beyond me. Let us keep discreetly out of her wardrobe, you and I.

Otherwise, I should have to prattle of an infinity of mysteries—of her scarfs, feathers, laces, gloves, girdles, knots, hats, shoes, fans and slippers—of her embroideries, rings, pins, pendants, ribbons, spangles, bracelets and chains—in fine, there would be no end to the list of gewgaws that went to make Margaret Hugonin even more adorable than Nature had fashioned her. For when you come to think of it, it takes the craft and skill and lifework of a thousand men to dress one girl properly; and in Margaret's case, I protest that every one of them, could he have beheld the result of their united labors, would have so gloried in his own part therein that there would have been no putting up with any of the lot.

Yet when I think of the tiny shoes she affected—patent leather ones, mostly, with a seam running straight up the middle—and you may guess the exact date of our comedy by knowing in what year these shoes were modish; the string of fat pearls she so often wore about her round, full throat; the white frock, say, with arabesques of blue all over it that Felix Kennaston said reminded him of Ruskin's tombstone; or that other white-and-blue one—décolleté, that was—which I swear seraphic mantua-makers had woven out of mists and the skies of June; when I remember these things, I repeat, almost am I tempted to become a bootmaker, and a lapidary, and a milliner, and, in fine, an adept in all the other arts and trades and sciences that go to make a well-groomed American girl what she is—the incredible fruit of grafted centuries, the period after the list of Time's achievements—just that I might describe Margaret to you properly.

But the thing is beyond me. I leave such considerations, then, to Celestine, and resolve for the future rigorously to eschew all such gauds. Meanwhile, if an untutored masculine description will content you——

Margaret, I have on reliable feminine authority, was one of the very few blondes whose complexions can carry off reds and yellows. This particular gown—I remember it perfectly—was of a dim, dull yellow—flounciful—if I may coin a word—diaphanous, expansive. I have not the least notion what fabric composed it; but scattered about it, in unexpected places, were diamond-shaped red things that I am credibly informed are called medallions. The general effect of it may be briefly characterized as grateful to the eye and dangerous to the heart, and to a rational train of thought quite fatal.

For it was cut low in the neck; and Margaret's neck and shoulders would have drawn madrigals from a bench of bishops.

And, in consequence, Billy Woods ate absolutely no dinner that evening

IX

IT WAS an hour or two later when the moon, drifting lardily up from the south, found Miss Hugonin and Mr. Kennaston chatting amicably together in the court at Selwoode. They were discussing the tendencies of the modern drama.

The court at Selwoode lies in the angle of the building, the ground plan of which is L-shaped. Its two outer sides are formed by covered cloisters leading to the palm garden, and by moonlight—the night bland and sweet with the odor of growing things, vocal with plashing fountains, spangled with fireflies that flicker indolently among a glimmering concourse of nymphs and fauns eternally postured in flight or in pursuit—by moonlight, I say, the court at Selwoode is perhaps as satisfactory a spot for a tête-à-tête as this transitory world affords

Mr. Kennaston was in vein to-night; he scintillated; he was also a little nervous. This was probably owing to the fact that Margaret, leaning against the back of the stone bench on which they both sat, her chin propped by her hand, was gazing at him in that peculiar, intent fashion of hers which—as I think I have mentioned—caused you fatuously to believe she had forgotten there were any other trousered beings extant

Mr. Kennaston, however, stuck to apt phrases and nice distinctions. The moon found it edifying, but rather dull.

After a little Mr. Kennaston paused in his boyish, ebullient speech, and they sat in silence. The lisping of the fountains was very audible. In the heavens the moon climbed a little farther and registered a manifestly impossible hour on the sundial. It also brightened.

It was a companionable sort of a moon. It invited talk of a confidential nature.

"Bless my soul," it was signaling to any number of gentlemen at that moment, "there's only you and I and the girl here. Speak out, man! She'll have you now, if she ever will. You'll never have a chance like this again, I can tell you. Come now, my dear boy, I'm shining full in your face, and you've no idea how becoming it is. I'm not like that garish, blundering sun, who doesn't know any better than to let her see how red and fidgety you get when you're excited; I'm an old hand at such matters. I've presided over these little affairs since Babylon was a paltry village. *I'll* never tell. And—and if anything should happen I'm always ready to go behind a cloud, you know. So speak out, speak out, man, if you've the heart of a mouse!"

Thus far the conscienceless spring moon.

Mr. Kennaston sighed. The moon took this as a promising sign, and brightened over it perceptibly, and thereby afforded him an excellent gambit.

"Yes?" said Margaret. "What is it, beautiful?"

That in privacy was her fantastic name for him

The poet laughed a little. "Beautiful child," said he—and that, under similar circumstances, was his perfectly reasonable name for her—"I have been discourteous. To be frank, I have been sulking as irrationally as a baby who clamors for the moon yonder."

"You aren't really anything but a baby, you know." Indeed, Margaret almost thought of him as such. He was so delightfully naive.

He bent toward her. A faint tremor woke in his speech. "And so," said he softly, "I cry for the moon—the exquisite, unattainable moon. It is very ridiculous, is it not?"

But he did not look at the moon. He looked toward Margaret—past Margaret, toward the gleaming windows of Selwoode, where the Eagle brooded.

"Oh, I really can't say, beautiful," Margaret cried in haste. "She was kind to Endymion, you know. We will hope for the best. I think we'd better go in now."

"You bid me hope?" said he.

"Beautiful, if you really want the moon I don't see the *least* objection to your continuing to hope. They make so many little airships and things nowadays, you know, and you'll probably find it only green cheese, after all. What *is* green cheese, I wonder? It sounds horribly indigestible and unattractive, doesn't it?" Miss Hugonin babbled in a tumult of fear and disappointment. He was about to spoil their friendship now; men were so utterly inconsiderate. "I'm a little cold," said she mendaciously; "I really must go in"

He detained her. "Surely," he breathed, "you must know what I have so long wanted to tell you——"

"I haven't the *least* idea," she protested promptly. "You can tell me all about it in the morning. I have some accounts to cast up to-night. Besides, I'm not a good person to tell secrets to. You—you'd much better not tell me. Oh, really, Mr. Kennaston," she cried earnestly, "you'd much better not tell me!"

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret," he pleaded, "I am not adamant; I am only a man, with a man's heart that hungers for you, cries for you, clamors for you day by day! I love you, beautiful child—love you with a poet's love that is alien to these sordid days, with a love that is half worship I love you as Leander loved his Hero, as Pyramus loved Thisbe. Ah, child, child, how beautiful you are! You are fairest of created women, child—fair as those long-dead queens for whose smiles old cities burned and kingdoms were lightly lost. I am mad for love of you! ah, have pity upon me, Margaret, for I love you very tenderly!"

He delivered these observations with appropriate fervor

"Mr. Kennaston," said she, "I am sorry. We got along so nicely before, and I was *so* proud of your friendship We've had such good times together, you and I, and I've liked your verses so, and I've liked you—oh, please, *please*, let's keep on being just friends!" Margaret wailed piteously.

"Friends!" he cried, and gave a bitter laugh "I was never friends with you, Margaret. Why, even as I read my verses to you—those pallid, ineffectual verses that praised you timorously under varied names—even then there pulsed in my veins the riotous pæan of love, the great mad song of love that shamed my paltry rhymes. I cannot be friends with you, child! Bid me hope or go!"

Miss Hugonin meditated for a moment, and did neither

"Beautiful," she presently queried, "would you be very, very much shocked if I descended to slang?"

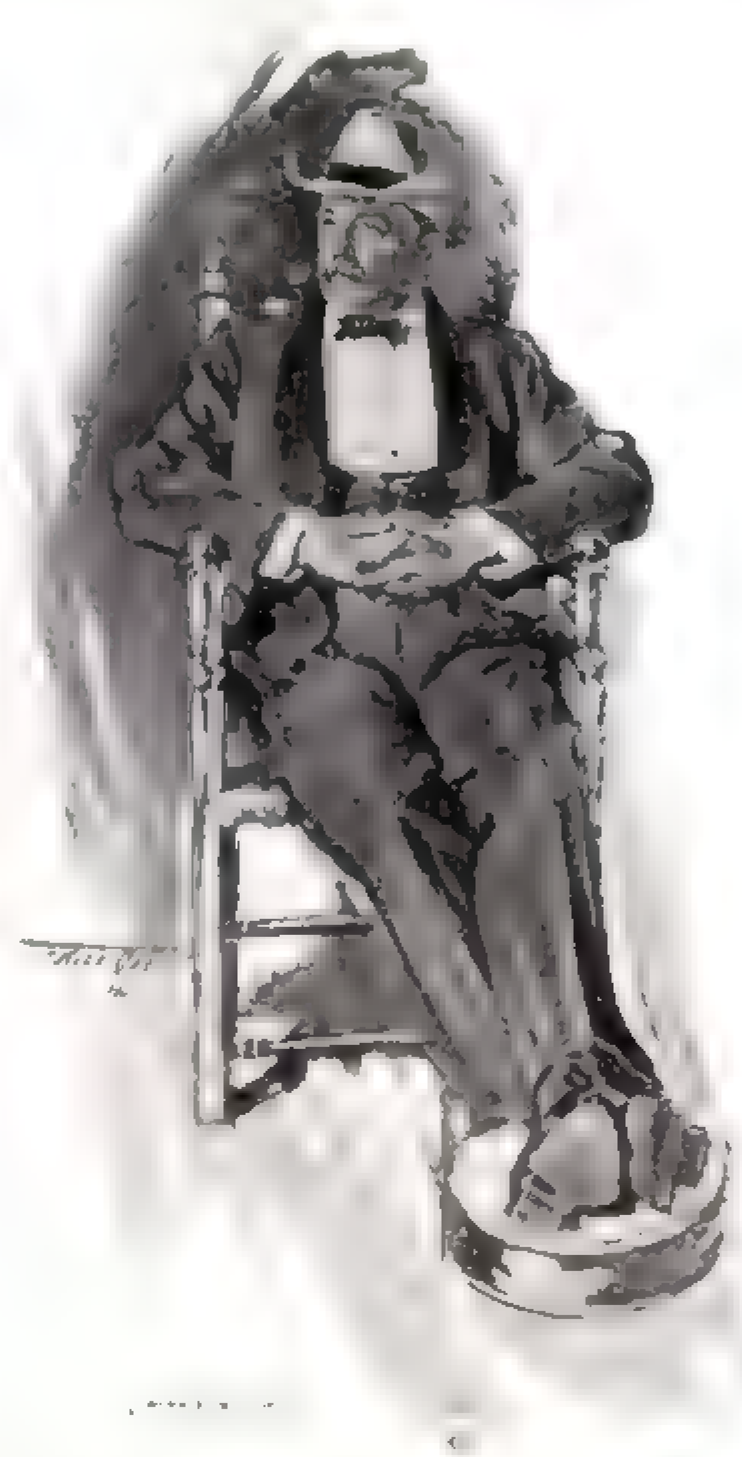
"I think," said he with an uncertain smile, "that I could endure it"

"Why, then—cut it, beautiful! Cut it out! I don't believe a word you've said, in the first place, and, anyhow, it annoys me to have you talk to me like that. I don't like it, and it simply makes me awfully, awfully tired."

With which characteristic speech Miss Hugonin leaned back and sat up very rigidly and smiled at him like a cherub

Kennaston groaned

"It shall be as you will," he assured her with a little quaver in his speech that was decidedly effective. "And,



PREPARED TO ACCORD THE UNIVERSE HIS APPROVAL in any event, I am not sorry that I have loved you, beautiful child. You have always been a power for good in my life. You have gladdened me with the vision of a beauty that is more than human, you have heartened me for this petty business of living, you have praised my verses, you have even accorded me certain pecuniary assistance as to their publication—though I must admit that to accept it of you was very distasteful to me. Ah!" Felix Kennaston cried with a quick lift of speech, "impractical child that I am, I had not thought of that! My love had caused me to forget the great barrier that stands between us."

He gasped and took a short turn about the court.

"Pardon me, Miss Hugonin," he entreated, when his emotions were under a little better control, "for having spoken as I did. I had forgotten. Think of me, if you will, as no better than the others—think of me as a mere fortune-hunter. My presumption will be justly punished."

"Oh, no, no, it isn't that!" she cried, "it isn't that, is it? You—you would care just as much about me if I were poor, wouldn't you, beautiful? I don't want you to care for me, of course," Margaret added with haste. "I want to go on being friends. Oh, that money, that *nasty* money!" she cried in a sudden gust of petulance. "It makes me so distrustful, and I can't help it!"

He smiled at her wistfully. "My dear," said he, "are there no mirrors at Selwoode to remove your doubts?"

"I—yes, I do believe in you," she said at length. "But—I don't want to marry you. You see, I'm not a bit in love with you," Margaret explained candidly.

Ensued a silence. Mr. Kennaston bowed his head.

"You bid me go?" said he.

"No—not exactly," said she.

He indicated a movement toward her.

"Now, you needn't attempt to take any liberties with me," Miss Hugonin announced decisively, "because if you do I'll never speak to you again. You must let me go now. You—you must let me think."

Then Felix Kennaston acted very wisely. He rose and stood aside with a little bow.

"I can wait, child," he said sadly. "I have already waited a long time."

Miss Hugonin escaped into the house without further delay. It was very flattering, of course; he had spoken beautifully, she thought, and nobly and poetically and considerately, and, altogether, there was absolutely no excuse for her being in a temper. Still, she was.

The moon, however, considered the affair as arranged.

For she had been no whit more resolute in her refusal, you see, than becomes any self-respecting maid. In fact, she had not refused him; and the experienced moon had seen the hopes of many a wooer thrive, chameleon-like, on answers far less encouraging than that which Margaret had given Felix Kennaston.

Margaret was very fond of him. All women like a man who can do a picturesque thing without bothering to consider whether or not he be making himself ridiculous; and more than once, in thinking of him, she had wondered if—perhaps—possibly—some day——? And always these vague flights of fancy had ended at this precise point—incinerated, if you will grant me the simile, by the sudden flaming of her cheeks.

So Felix Kennaston had his hour. Now Margaret has gone into Selwoode, flame-faced and quite unconscious that she is humming under her breath the words of a certain inane old song:

> Oh, she sat for me a chair;
> She has ringlets in her hair;
> She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother—

only she sang it "father." And afterward she suddenly frowned and stamped her foot, did Margaret.

"I *hate* him!" said she; but she looked very guilty.

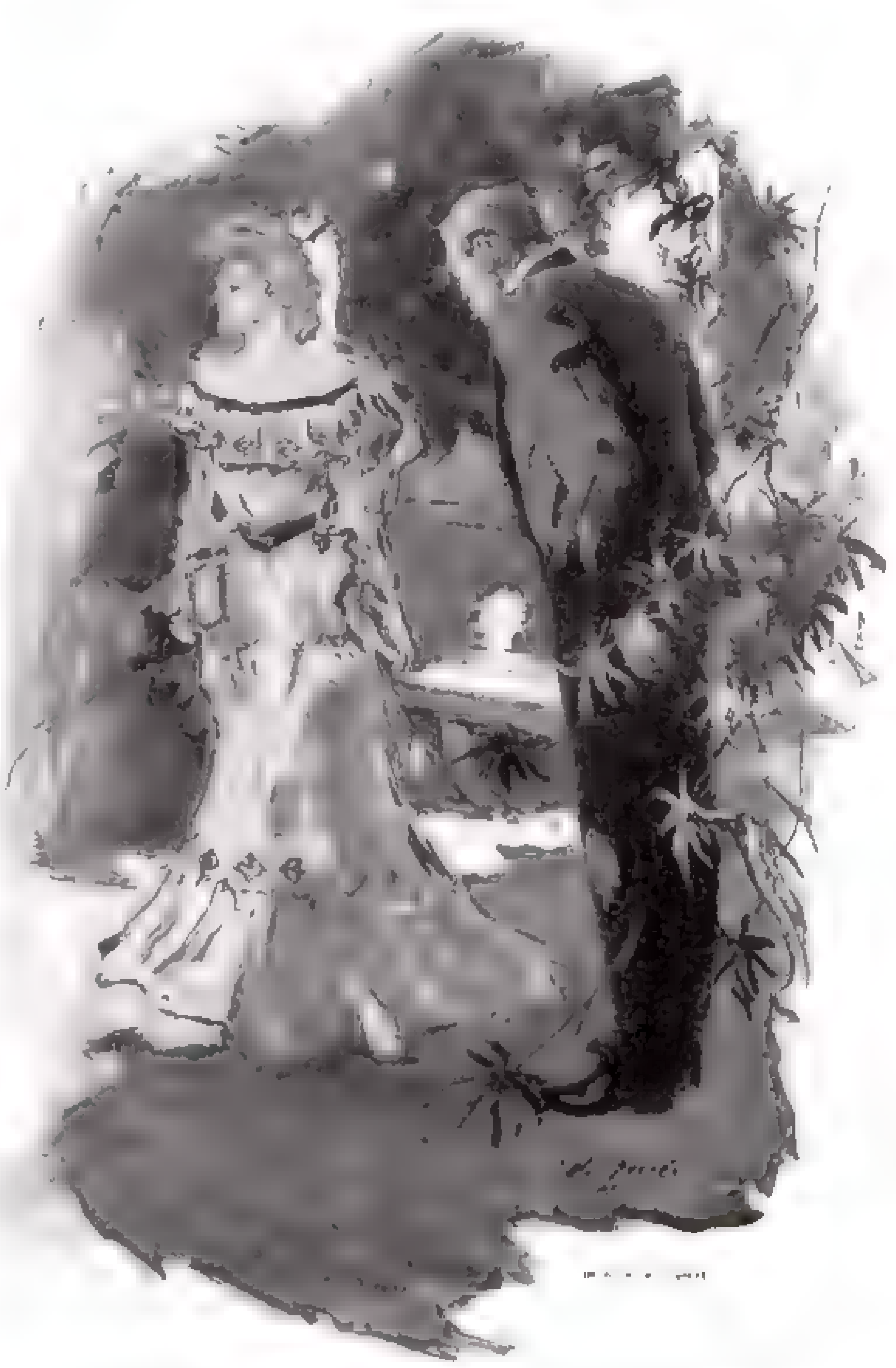
X

IN THE living-hall of Selwoode Miss Hugonin paused. Undeniably there were the accounts of the Ladies' League for the Edification of the Impecunious to be put in order; her monthly report, as treasurer, was due in a few days, and Margaret was in such matters a careful, painstaking body, and not wholly dependent upon her secretary; but she was entirely too much out of temper to attend to that now.

It was really all Mr. Kennaston's fault, she assured a pricking conscience, as she went out on the terrace before Selwoode. He had bothered her dreadfully.

There she found Petheridge Jukesbury, smoking placidly in the effulgence of the moonlight; and the rotund, pasty countenance he turned toward her was ludicrously like the moon's counterfeit in muddy water. I am sorry to admit it, but Mr. Jukesbury had dined somewhat injudiciously. You are not to stretch the phrase; he was merely prepared to accord the universe his approval, to pat Destiny upon the head, and his thoughts ran clear enough, but with Aprilian counterchanges of the jovial and the lachrymose.

"Ah, Miss Hugonin," he greeted her with a genial smile, "I am indeed fortunate. You find me deep in meditation, and also, I am sorry to say, in the practice of a most pernicious habit. You do not object? Ah, that is so like you. You are always kind, Miss Hugonin. Your kindness, which falls, if I may so express myself, as the gentle rain from Heaven upon all deserving charitable institutions, and daily comforts the destitute with good advice and consoles the sorrowing with blankets, would now induce you to tolerate an odor which I am sure is personally distasteful to you."



"I CAN WAIT, CHILD," HE SAID SADLY. "I HAVE ALREADY WAITED A LONG TIME"

"But *really* I don't mind," was Margaret's protest.

"I cannot permit it," Mr. Jukesbury insisted, and waved a pudgy hand in the moonlight. "No, really, I cannot permit it. We will throw it away, if you please, and say no more about it." And his glance followed the glowing flight of his cigar-end somewhat wistfully. "Your father's cigars are such as it is seldom my privilege to encounter; but, then, my personal habits are not luxurious, nor my private income precisely what my childish imaginings had pictured it at this comparatively advanced period of life. Ah, youth, youth! as the poet admirably says, Miss Hugonin, the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, but its visions of existence are rose-tinged and free from care, and its conception of the responsibilities of manhood—such as taxes and the water rate—I may safely characterize as extremely sketchy. But pray be seated, Miss Hugonin."

Common courtesy forced her to comply. So Margaret seated herself on a little red rustic bench. In the moonlight—but I think I have mentioned how Margaret looked in the moonlight; and above her golden head the Eagle, sculptured over the doorway, stretched his wings to the uttermost, half-protectingly, half-threateningly, and seemed to view Mr. Jukesbury with a certain air of expectation.

"A beautiful evening," Petheridge Jukesbury suggested, after a little cogitation.

She conceded that this was undeniable.

"Where Nature smiles, and only the conduct of men is vile and altogether what it ought not to be," he continued with unction, "ah, how true that is and how consoling! It is a good thing to meditate upon our own vileness, Miss Hugonin—to reflect that we are but worms with naturally the most vicious inclinations. It is most salutary. Even I am but a worm, Miss Hugonin, though the press has been pleased to speak most kindly of me. Even you—ah, no!" cried Mr. Jukesbury, kissing his fingertips with gallantry; "let us say a worm who has burst its cocoon and become a butterfly—a butterfly with a charming face and a most charitable disposition and considerable property!"

Mr. Jukesbury sighed.

"A naughty world," said he with pathos, "a very naughty world, which really does not deserve the honor of including you in its census reports. Yet I dare say it has the effrontery even to put you down in the tax-lists; it even puts me down—me, an humble worker in the vineyard with both hands set to the plough. And if I don't pay up it sells me out. A very naughty world, indeed! I dare say," Mr. Jukesbury observed, raising his eyes—not toward Heaven but toward the Eagle—"that its conduct, as the poet says, creates considerable distress among the angels. I don't know. I am not acquainted with many angels. My wife was an angel, but she is now a lifeless form. She has been for five years. I erected a tomb to her at considerable personal expense, but I don't begrudge it—no, I don't begrudge it, Miss Hugonin. She was very hard to live with. But she was an angel, and angels are rare. Miss Hugonin," said Petheridge Jukesbury with emphasis, "*you* are an angel."

"Oh, dear, *dear!*" said Margaret to herself. "I *do* wish I'd gone to bed directly after dinner!"

Above them the Eagle brooded.

"Surely," he breathed, "you must know what I have so long wanted to tell you——"

"No," said Margaret, "and I don't want to know, please. You make me awfully tired, and I don't care for you in the *least*. Now, you let go my hand—let go at *once!*"

He detained her. "You are an angel," he insisted—"an angel with a large property. I love you, Margaret! Be mine! Be my blushing bride, I entreat you! Your property is far too large for an angel to look after. You need a man of affairs. I am a man of affairs. I am forty-five and have no bad habits. My press-notices are, as a rule, favorable, my eloquence is accounted considerable, and my dearest aspiration is that you will comfort my declining years. I might add that I adore you, but I think I mentioned that before. Margaret, will you be my blushing bride?"

"No!" said Miss Hugonin emphatically. "No, you tipsy old beast—*no!*"

There was a rustle of skirts. The door slammed, and the philanthropist was left alone on the terrace.

XI

IN THE living-hall Margaret came upon Hugh Van Orden, who was searching in one of the alcoves for a piece of music that Adèle Haggage wanted and had misplaced.

The boy greeted her miserably.

"Miss Hugonin," he lamented, "you're awfully hard on me."

"I am sorry," said Margaret, "that you consider me discourteous to a guest in my own house." Oh, I grant you, Margaret was in a temper now.

"It isn't that," he protested; "but I never see you alone. And I've had something to tell you."

"Yes?" said she coldly.

He drew near to her. "Surely," he breathed, "you must know what I have so long wanted to tell you——"

"Yes, I should think I *did!*" said Margaret, "and if you dare tell me a word of it I'll never speak to you again. It's getting a little monotonous. Good-night, Mr. Van Orden."

Half way up the stairs she paused and ran lightly back.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" she said contritely, "I was unpardonably rude. I'm sorry, dear, but it's quite impossible. You are a dear, cute little boy, and I love you—but not that way. So let's shake hands, Hugh, and be friends! And then you can go and play with Adèle."

He raised her hand to his lips. He really was a nice boy.

"But, oh, dear, dear!" said Margaret when he had gone, "what horrid creatures men are, and what a temper I'm in, and what a vexatious place the world is! I wish I were a pauper! I wish I had never been born! And I wish—and I wish I had those League papers fixed!" She swept down upon the papers of the Ladies' League for the Edification of the Impecunious with very much the look of a diminutive Valkyrie.

Subsequently, "Oh, dear, *dear!*" said she amid a feverish rustling of papers; "the whole world is out of sorts to-night! I never *did* know how much seven times eight is, and I hate everybody, and I've left that list of unpaid dues in Uncle Fred's room, and I've got to go after it, and I don't want to!"

Miss Hugonin rose, and went out from her own rooms, carrying a bunch of keys, across the hallway to the room in which Frederick R. Woods had died. It was his study, you may remember. And there she found Billy Woods.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ When the cats are away the city man sleeps.

¶ God made the country, but man made the country roads

¶ A real novelty in breakfast foods would be predigested wild oats.

¶ Before the vacation work seems hard; after the vacation it is hard

¶ A man who is true to himself has neither time nor inclination to be false to others.

¶ The man who tells his troubles usually convinces his hearers that he is getting his deserts.

¶ Perhaps if trading stamps went with the ballot the women would take more interest in politics.

¶ In teaching the young idea how to shoot it is important not to let it learn how to draw the long bow.

¶ Judge Parker's silence, if measured at space rates, would have provided a handsome campaign fund.

¶ Occasionally it seems as though the only leisure class in America is composed exclusively of telephone operators.

¶ A millionaire may not be a President, but he can be nominated for Vice-President if he is very good and has a farmhouse for a birthplace.

Four Good Americans

FOUR good Americans on the platforms of two great parties make the most satisfactory exhibit that America has presented to the world for many a moon. We will lay aside for the moment their political creeds and policies—we shall have enough of them later to make us weary—and we proceed to gaze upon the nominees as human products. There they are—picked from a population of 80,000,000 for the votes of 16,000,000 sovereigns whose sceptres are ballots!

Three of the four, Messrs. Parker, Fairbanks and Davis, are six feet or over, and the fourth, Mr. Roosevelt, is six feet in everything but a few material inches. The three six-footers are farmers' boys, country-born, country-bred and country-fond. Mr. Parker plowed and hoed the field and milked the cows. There is a story that he once ran away to a circus and carried water to the elephants, but this is an obvious campaign dodge to divide the strenuous vote. Senator Fairbanks had a hard road to travel, but he worked his way on and up. Mr. Davis was farm hand and railroad brakeman, and finally millionaire many times over. Roosevelt was from the city: the close streets and brick walls gave him a sickly youth, but he broke away to the prairies and the mountains, and Nature cured his ills and changed the weakling into one of the strongest and sturdiest personalities of this generation. So, without stretching the truth, we may say that all four of our exhibits proclaim the greatness of the country.

We find in each of them an enormous capacity for work, the result of heroic training and right living. Take the extreme case, Mr. Davis, who will soon be eighty-one. The idea of nominating a man that old seemed absurd. And so it would be ordinarily. But Mr. Davis is not ordinary. A few years ago the present writer was with him on a trip to the West Virginia wilds. There was all night traveling with early morning starts, long stretches, and much wear and tear. Senator Davis was the oldest in the party, but the youngest in action, the promptest to bed at night, the earliest up in the morning and the cheerfulest all the day through. He took interest in everybody and everything, whether up on the mountain grades or down in the coal mines. So, although over fourscore, he is not so aged as most men of fifty. Judge Parker got the news of his nomination as he took his morning swim in the Hudson. Honors did not change the aplomb of Senator Fairbanks the fraction of an emotion. And as for President Roosevelt, when the message from Chicago came he grinned at the circle of newspaper men sitting in the White House as his guests and said: "De-lighted." No frills about these Americans, no false front, no humbug! Good, honest products, all of them!

There is another great American fact in their lives—or shall we call it a world fact? Every one of them gives his mother the credit for the good that is in him or for his success in making his years worth something. The mothers of two of them are living, and it was delightful to read their estimates of their boys—especially was it cheering to know that the boys were bad enough to be thrashed occasionally, and thrashed hard, too. Surely that touch of nature should make most of us kin

Habits? All of our four Americans were abstemious, hard-working, eager for opportunity. No clock-watchers they. No eight-hour men. No speculators in money or convictions. Note this further fact: they all cultivated and maintained a fine optimism. Their loyalty to their country was next to their religion. They believed in its future. Two of them staked their careers on their belief in character as an asset in politics—and they lead their parties to-day Two of them believed in character and also in their nation's growth, and they built up transportation enterprises and went into public life, and they are millionaires and candidates for Vice-President.

Altogether it is an exhibit that gives satisfaction and that should provoke your proper pride. Now that you have good men, trot out your party prejudices and be happy in the knowledge that you will choose well even if you vote the losing ticket.

The Little Parties

THE people of the United States have their choice this year among seven regularly nominated Presidential candidates—Republican, Democratic, Populist, Prohibitionist, Social Democratic, Socialist Labor and Negro. It is not likely that any of these except the first two will get any electoral votes. In 1892 General Weaver, as a third-party candidate, carried four States, with twenty electors, divided the electoral votes of two others, and won the ballots of over a million citizens at the polls. But there is no such prospect for any "sideshow" candidacy now.

Nevertheless the small parties may have a great, and even a decisive, influence on the result. Blaine would have been elected in 1884 if he could have secured the twentieth part of the Prohibition vote in New York. Doctor Swallow, this year's Prohibition candidate, is a good vote-getter, and it would not be surprising if his supporters turned out in New York at least forty thousand strong. That would be bad for the Republicans. On the other hand, many radical Democrats who do not like the conservative tinge of the proceedings at St. Louis will vote for one of the Socialist candidates. This will probably offset the Prohibitionist defection from the other side

The Populists, again, will draw from the Democrats, while if the Negro ticket cuts any figure at all it will, of course, be at the expense of the Republicans.

At the last Presidential election thirty-four thirty-fifths of the total popular vote was cast for the candidates of the two great parties. There was not a single State in which all the votes cast for all the minor candidates combined could have changed the result if they had been cast differently. But that was an unusual case. In 1892 the minor parties held the balance of power in twenty-five States, with two hundred and forty-six electoral votes—more than a majority of the Electoral College. Harrison would have been handsomely elected if he could have secured them all, or even half of them.

Most people like to go with the crowds, but there are certain phases of human nature that can find expression only in the sideshow party. Some men feel an irresistible impulsion to stand up and be counted for principle, on the theory that "one with God makes a majority." Others feel uncomfortably crowded if they have many political neighbors, like the frontier settler who thinks it time to move when he sees another cabin going up five miles away. Others are exacting in their ideas of orthodoxy, like the theologian who said that he and his father were the only people he knew that had true religion, and he felt a little doubtful about the old man. In this vast and diversified country there are always enough of these various classes to cast several hundred thousand votes on election day.

The Ills that Flesh is Heir To

YOU cannot go many yards anywhere in the civilized world without seeing plastered on wall or rock the evidence of the inability of the human animal to take care of its health For are not all these advertisements of medicines so many advertisements of human short-sightedness, stupidity, self-indulgence?

If in so simple a matter as merely keeping alive there is such difficulty, what wonder that more complex matters are handled so badly?

Sad Dogs, All of Us!

AGAIN has the poor American man suffered the odium of a comparison with the American woman. A Viennese observer, Herr Filip Berger, writes that the women he saw at the St. Louis Exposition were beautiful, and gowned with exquisite taste, but that the men had the appearance of rowdies. "They were negligently dressed and rarely shaven. The women looked like Parisians, the men like Slovaks."

These are hard words; but far be it from any man to deny that they are essentially true. The only refuge for Brother Jonathan's pride is in the ignoble, if soothing, tu quoque. The Viennese women are also beautiful, and (not to be outdone in compliment) they dress like more than Parisians like Viennese! But the Viennese men? Alas, they not only dress like Slovaks, but many of them, and among the most brilliant and successful, *are* Slovaks—not to mention Huns, Goths and other vandals. Has not one seen them, dirty and unkempt, quarreling in the cafés, or straggling and slouching even in the ranks of the Austrian army!

It is as easy to slang the men of any nation. Behold Tommy Atkins, with his pill-box hat cocked over one ear, and flourishing his dandified swaggerstick, as he accepts a shilling from a vain nursery maid as the price for lending the glamor of his presence beside her in uniform, while she pushes her baby-carriage through Hyde Park! The Frenchman, also, has his foibles, and the Italian. An American girl in Florence who had the temerity to be returning home after nightfall was accosted by a masher in the uniform of a captain. "May I walk with you?" he said in broken English. The girl looked down and over him, and answered: "Why, are you afraid to walk alone?" She was not further molested

Let men of all nations be brothers, and bury the hatchet. We are a sad lot, and especially when on parade. We are too abandoned to the joy of living and of working to put on much of what we prefer to call "dog." But we do our work, and we have our fun in our own way. Not the least part of our happiness is that the women of all nations—who yet love us—are too good for us.

The First Rung of the Ladder

NOW, thousands of young fellows, graduated from college, high school, top grade of commerce school, are astir looking for their first job. Probably pretty nearly every one of them has a fairly definite notion of what kind of job he wants and of what his valuable services are worth.

But neither of these things is important. The only important thing about a first job is that it be a chance to do honest work. Don't wait till what you're fitted for offers. Don't bother about the pay. Above all, don't worry over the effect of the job on your social position. Get a leg to stand on. Get a place to stand the leg. The only standpoint from which you can get a view of a job that suits you is a job that you suit.

Finally, don't listen to good-luck stories.

Our Most Dangerous Enemy

HERE are two sentences stating two vital truths that we ought never to lose sight of:

"All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. . . . If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be the author and finisher."

Lincoln wrote these sentences. That does not make them any truer; but his name serves them as the Government's stamp serves the five dollars' worth of gold

A Senator of Two Republics

By Ex-Senator George G. Vest

General U. S. Grant Marcus A. Hanna

SENATOR MARCUS A. HANNA

GENERAL U. S. GRANT

A GREAT leader is the gift of God and invaluable to any country or party in its hour of peril. Statesmen, orators and writers may arouse patriotic fervor and prepare a people for heroic endeavor, but when the crisis comes in war or peace a man must be found equal to the emergency, who can inspire his followers with confidence and lead them to victory. Patrick Henry was the "tongue" and Thomas Jefferson the "pen" of our struggle for independence, but Washington was its leader without whom success was impossible

Though their environment and spheres of action were very different, General Ulysses S. Grant and Senator Marcus A. Hanna were in many respects singularly alike. They both possessed sound, practical common-sense, directness of purpose, dogged courage, and wonderful tenacity of purpose. Both were loyal to friends, no matter what their defects might be, and they never forgot a kindness. If either of them had been in the place of Henry the Fifth, King of England, he would not have driven Sir John Falstaff, his old boon companion, in disgrace from his court, but would have said to him, "Jack, my old friend, I am now King of England and must turn over a new leaf, and I hope you will do the same. I cannot make you one of my Privy Council, but I will provide for you liberally so that your last days may be spent in comfort."

Of course, this would be severely criticised by the political Pharisees who pretend to believe that gratitude and all kindly emotions should be sacrificed on the altar of civil service reform; but such action would have been worthy of a great monarch.

I knew General Grant in St. Louis when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb. He had just resigned his commission as captain in the regular army, and was living with his young and rapidly increasing family on the farm of his father-in-law, Major Dent, about six miles from the city limits. He impressed me as a modest, reticent, intelligent man who had the unmistakable appearance of having been unsuccessful in the battle of life. I was told that he was endeavoring to build up a business as real-estate agent in St. Louis, but his efforts in that direction had been unsuccessful. It was just after I first met him that he applied to the county court of St. Louis County to be appointed county surveyor, but his application was not favorably received, and a Colonel Salomon received the appointment. Among those who signed General Grant's application for appointment was Colonel Samuel B. Churchill, a prominent Southern Democrat, with whom I afterward served in the Missouri Legislature, his position being that of State Senator while I was a very young member of the other House.

After the Civil War I met Colonel Churchill, and he related to me an episode in the life of General Grant that was entirely characteristic. Colonel Churchill said that after General Grant had failed to be appointed county surveyor he met him one day on the street, and Captain Grant, as he was then termed, told him that his father-in-law, Major Dent, had given him permission to cut and haul firewood to the city for sale, and asked as a great favor that Colonel Churchill would loan him thirty dollars, which he would repay by hauling firewood to Churchill's residence. The request was promptly granted, and Colonel Churchill also told the borrower that if he needed any other loan it would be advanced to him with the greatest pleasure. A few years before the war, having failed to obtain employment in Missouri, General Grant removed to Galena, Illinois, where he was employed as a clerk in a tannery establishment owned and conducted by his two brothers. When the war began he was appointed colonel of volunteers by the Governor and commenced his phenomenal military career which ended in his becoming President of the United States.

After the war became flagrant in Missouri, Colonel Churchill, who was a well-known Southern sympathizer, was arrested for disloyalty and confined with his family to the old Planters House, of which he was part owner. At the same time his rents were confiscated, which constituted the chief part of his income, and his condition was exceedingly disagreeable.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, General Grant with his staff visited St. Louis, and was made the guest of the city, rooms being assigned to him at the Planters House. On the day after his arrival Colonel Churchill sent a card to him requesting an interview, and in a very few moments the General walked into Churchill's room, and after greeting him and his family in the most cordial manner, asked Churchill what he could do for him, expressing his earnest desire to render any service in his power. Colonel Churchill told him he was very anxious to leave Missouri for Kentucky, his native State, and would be glad to have his rents returned which had been confiscated by the local Federal authorities. General Grant caused a permit to be made out at once allowing Churchill and his family to leave the State for Kentucky, and also caused the confiscated rents to be repaid. Colonel Churchill left at once for Kentucky with his family, and after the close of the Civil War became Secretary of State in that Commonwealth. He told me that official business called him to Washington during General Grant's first administration, and on learning of his arrival in the city the President ordered the state carriage to be sent to his hotel and had him brought to the White House, where he remained a guest until the conclusion of his business in the department

General Grant's fame must rest upon his military record. His administration of the Government as President, and especially during his second term, subjected him justly to much criticism, as he permitted himself to be made the instrument of designing politicians who thought only of themselves and cared nothing for the great soldier whom they flattered and deceived. He was a soldier pure and simple, and his Presidential career furnishes the best possible argument against elevating to the Presidency a great general who has had no experience whatever in civil affairs. That General Grant was not a malignant nor cruel man is manifest from his treatment of General Lee and his army when they surrendered at Appomattox; but it was very natural that, with his military training and instincts, he should ally himself with those who advocated military government in the Southern States. During his eight years as President he gave all his influence and power as Chief Executive to the impossible task of placing the whites of the South under the political domination of the carpetbaggers and negroes. I have reason to believe, from statements made to me by those who received their information from President Grant himself, that during the last years of his second administration he became satisfied that carpetbag rule in the Southern States was a manifest blunder.

There has been a great deal of discussion, and some of it in very bad taste, about the relative merits of Generals Grant and Lee as military commanders. But, whatever may be the truth, it is very certain that the fame of General Grant as a soldier will endure much longer than that of any other general on either side during the Civil War. President Roosevelt, in his Life of Thomas H. Benton, says that "Robert E. Lee was the greatest general produced by the English-speaking nations, not excepting Marlborough, Wellington, nor his last great antagonist, Ulysses S. Grant." I am not a military critic and do not propose to give my opinion upon the subject, but history shows that with the public at large success is the criterion of merit, and General Grant did all that his countrymen demanded of him and brought to the command of the Union armies the qualities absolutely necessary to reestablish the authority of the United States in the seceded States. He, above all other military leaders on the Union side, recognized the real conditions which prevailed after the war had become one of resources, and foresaw the mathematical certainty that in such a struggle the United States must finally prevail. General Grant possessed in a remarkable degree the iron will and aggressive pertinacity which were necessary after the Confederate authorities determined upon defensive warfare, when it became only a question of time that the result must be on the side having the greatest number of soldiers and the largest amount of military supplies. When he refused to exchange prisoners with the Government of the Confederate States, declaring that the United States could lose ten men and the Confederacy only one, and victory must come at last to the former, he stated a mathematical proposition which could not be successfully controverted. Acting upon this opinion, he was great enough to admit that his first campaign in Virginia, when he attempted to capture Richmond by advancing upon that city from the north, was a failure, and after losing 60,000 men while General Lee lost only 10,000, he changed his whole campaign and removed his army to the seaboard line east of Richmond and Petersburg, where, with from eighty to one hundred thousand effective men, he proceeded to hammer the handful of veterans commanded by Lee until, from sheer exhaustion, the Confederates were compelled to surrender.

Many misstatements have been made in regard to the number of soldiers actually surrendered by General Lee at Appomattox. In 1888 I had a colloquy with the late Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, on the floor of the United States Senate, in which he stated that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox 73,911 men fit for duty; an assertion which I denied at the time, saying in reply that General Lee surrendered less than 8000 men with muskets in their hands, my declaration being based upon information given me by the highest authority on the Confederate side. A few days after this incident the late General John B. Gordon, who was next in command to General Lee at the surrender, wrote me the following letter:

> ATLANTA, GEORGIA, March 16, 1888.
>
> *My dear Vest:* You were correct in your statement. General Lee had available for battle at Appomattox a little less than 8000 muskets. A considerably larger number were surrendered, but the greater proportion of them were the sick from the hospitals in Richmond and other points; the disabled men from hunger and exhaustion from the incessant marching by night and fighting by day, and the teamsters, etc., etc.
>
> There can be no successful contradiction of the statement. Sincerely yours, J. B. GORDON.

I do not mention this matter in order to detract from General Grant's fame, nor to take one leaf from the laurels which be won by the capture of General Lee and his army. But it is proper that the truth of history should be made known without regard to its effect upon the fame of any man.

Editor's Note —This is one of a series of Senator Vest's personal recollections.

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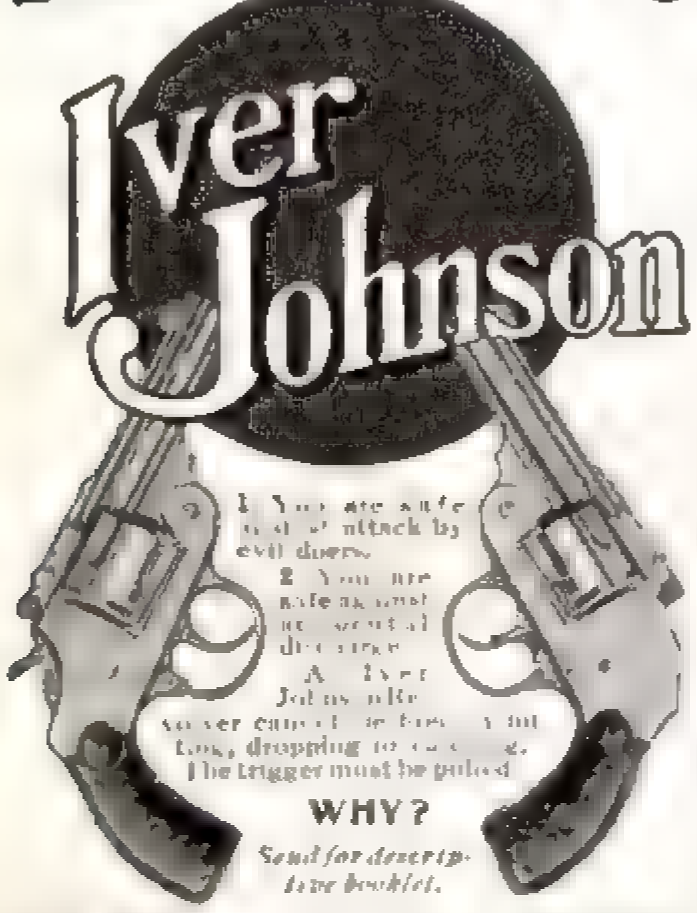
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General Grant's magnanimous treatment of Lee and his army and his heroic death have caused the gratitude and admiration of every Confederate, and there were no more sincere mourners at his tomb than those who opposed him during the Civil War. For myself, I sincerely hope that the time may soon come when the statues of Grant and Lee may be placed side by side in Statuary Hall at the National Capitol, not by the action of any State Legislature, but by joint resolution passed through both Houses of Congress and approved by the President, and that above their marble brows may be a wreath on which shall be inscribed, "Let us have peace."

What General Grant was to the United States during the Civil War, Marcus A. Hanna was to the Republican party from 1895 until his death. He possessed the qualities and environment necessary to achieve success as chairman of the National Republican Committee in the canvass of 1896, a position he accepted at the request of Mr. McKinley, to whom he was sincerely and unselfishly attached. The fact that Senator Hanna was a practical business man who had accumulated a large fortune by his own exertions gave him the entire confidence of the great corporations and capitalists. He was in full sympathy with the doctrines of the new commercial era, and believed that the United States had all the powers of any other Government, and that Congress could make any appropriations necessary to the public welfare. He looked upon the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address as relics of the past which should be regarded with some veneration on account of their age, but he considered them simply political bric-à-brac.

Fortune favored the Republican party in every way during the Presidential canvass of 1896. The nomination of Mr. Bryan by the Democrats and Populists on a platform declaring for the free and unlimited coinage of silver alarmed the business and moneyed interests so that it was an easy task for the National Republican Committee to obtain all the money deemed necessary for conducting the campaign.

After the election of Mr. McKinley in 1896 Senator Hanna was appointed by the Governor of Ohio to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of the Honorable John Sherman, who was made Secretary of State. It was my fortune to meet Senator Hanna in debate when he delivered his first prepared speech on the ship subsidy bill reported by the Republican majority from the Senate Committee on Commerce, of which Mr. Hanna and myself were members. He was not an orator, but his terse, epigrammatic and incisive arguments commanded the earnest attention of all his colleagues, and from that time he was recognized as one of the strongest debaters in the Senate. In advocating the passage of the ship subsidy bill he paid very little attention to the constitutional questions involved, but urged that the one hundred and fifty millions paid annually by the people of the United States to foreign ships for carrying their exports abroad should be paid to American shipowners, and that subsidies should be granted American citizens in order to equalize the difference in cost between building ships in this country and abroad. He dwelt with great force upon the fact that our coastwise trade was the largest in the world, and he attributed this to the exclusion of foreign-built ships from the trade between American ports, insisting that the navigation laws should be retained which prevented our citizens from buying ships where they could be bought cheapest. The bill passed the Senate but was not acted upon by the House of Representatives.

In 1900 Senator Hanna not only took charge of the Republican Presidential campaign as chairman of the National Committee, but entered personally into the canvass, speaking daily in Ohio and other States. He ridiculed that clause in the Democratic National platform adopted at Kansas City which denounced Imperialism, when Mr. Bryan, the Democratic candidate, had gone to Washington and urged the ratification of the Paris treaty. As to the clause in the platform denouncing trusts and demanding a reduction of the enormous tariff duties in the Dingley Bill, Senator Hanna boldly declared that there were good and bad trusts, the former largely predominating in number, and that the tariff duties should be left as they were, his battle-cry being everywhere, "Stand pat and let well enough alone."

When I met Senator Hanna afterward in Washington I congratulated him upon his courage and candor in defending both the trusts and the Dingley Bill. I told him that I was opposed politically to the Republican party, collectively and individually, but that I had much more respect for a man who consistently and logically defended both the tariff duties and the trusts than for those who denounced the trusts but refused to lower the duties under which they grew and flourished. I explained my feeling on the subject by relating an incident which occurred in Missouri in 1858, when we elected Robert M. Stewart Governor, a gentleman of great ability but with many remarkable eccentricities. It had been for many years the unwritten law of our State that the Governor should on each Christmas Day pardon a convict who was thought by the warden of the penitentiary to be worthy of executive clemency. On the first Christmas Day after his inauguration Governor Stewart, with his private secretary, went to the penitentiary, and, after causing the convicts to be brought out and placed in line, proceeded to ask each of them for what crime he was convicted and whether he was innocent or guilty. All of them vehemently asserted their innocence until a stalwart young fellow near the end of the line said he had been convicted for horse-stealing and was guilty. "What," said the Governor, "you don't mean to say that you stole the horse?"

"Yes, your Excellency," replied the man, "I stole the horse and pleaded guilty afterward in open court." "Mr. Secretary," said the Governor, "issue a pardon to this wretch at once. His presence here is an insult to all these innocent gentlemen, and unless turned out he will poison the moral atmosphere of the prison."

The more I saw of Senator Hanna the more I admired his many admirable qualities. He was brave, frank, and without the taint of hypocrisy or cant. He was a hard fighter and a strong and bitter partisan, but he never struck below the belt, and there never was any doubt about his position on public questions.

Much has been said and written about his ambition to be President and of his opposition to the renomination of President Roosevelt. I know nothing personally about the matter, but it is my impression that he was not in entire sympathy with all that President Roosevelt did on many questions. He disliked the President's recommendation that the tariff tax should be taken from anthracite coal, and he thought the action of the President in pressing the merger case to a decision was unwise. I have no doubt he distrusted the judgment and conservatism of Mr. Roosevelt, although Senator Hanna was too wise to oppose the nomination of one who was unquestionably the choice of his party.

A few days before the end of the Fifty-seventh Congress Senator Hanna came to my seat in the Senate and expressed in the kindest terms his regret that I was about to leave public life, and hoped that my health would be restored so that I could return to Washington. I thanked him and said that I considered my public career closed, but that from present indications he might be out of the Senate and in the White House if I ever came back to the Capital. He replied very earnestly, and I think with the utmost sincerity, that he had no idea of being a candidate for the Presidential nomination. "If in good health," he said, "I should esteem it my duty to accept the office of President if tendered me by my party, but I am suffering greatly from rheumatism caused, as the doctors tell me, by a chalky deposit in my joints, and I do not think I should live six months if made President of the United States. Besides this," he said, "I am not superstitious, but the history of Presidents from Ohio is rather a grewsome one. William Henry Harrison died in one month after his inauguration; Hayes was elected only after a terrible struggle, by a majority of one vote in the Electoral Commission; and Garfield and McKinley were assassinated. No," he continued, "I am not ambitious to be President, and I shall devote the remainder of my public life to doing what I can toward healing the breach between capital and labor, which is the burning issue of the day. I believe that the Civic Federation is the instrumentality through which this object can be accomplished, and I intend to give the rest of my days to building up that organization."

I never saw Senator Hanna after that interview. His career was phenomenal, and I know of no other instance in our political history where a man came directly from the counting-room to the United States Senate without any training or experience in public affairs, and stepped at once into the front rank as a debater, and was also unquestionably the most influential citizen of the country in public affairs, not excepting even the President.

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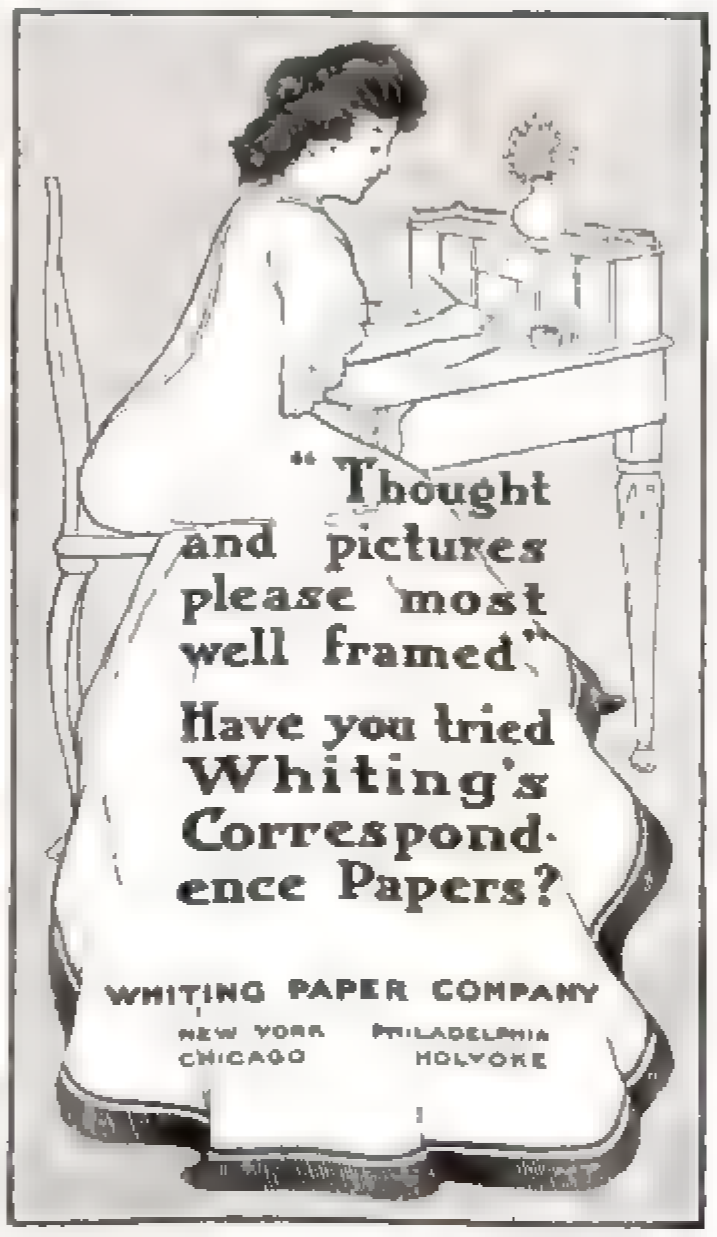
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Intelligent people to-day believe in the common sense plan of spending a portion of their spare time in self-improvement. If a man does not study he remains stationary or in a rut, and gradually grows to be a mere machine to be soon thrown aside for a new and up-to-date type.

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The **American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology** is the first correspondence school in this country to provide correspondence instruction for wage-earners in engineering practice which counts towards entrance upon higher resident instruction. **American School students are taught under the supervision of the professors who preside over the laboratories and teach the classes of Armour Institute of Technology.** Thus through our instructors, the extensive shops, laboratories and libraries of a great technical school offer their help and guidance to ambitious students in every part of the world.

Student in Class by Himself

Teaching by correspondence is a method of imparting knowledge by means of written instead of oral instruction, and is especially adapted to persons whose time for study is necessarily limited and irregular. The correspondence student is free to select whatever course of study is best adapted to his particular needs; he is in a class by himself, and is not compelled to suit his hours for study to those of other students. If he is especially apt or has already covered part of the work, he is not held back by certain members of a class who are slower. On the other hand, if he has not had the advantages of such preliminary education he will not become discouraged in vainly trying to keep up with a class whose members have had better training than he.

Lessons Suited to Needs of Students

The correspondence student naturally becomes self-reliant and develops into the type of man who knows, and knows that he knows and can prove it, for he has learned it himself, taking time to thoroughly master every point.

Lack of Education No Hindrance

Experience has shown that correspondence students are particularly diligent and earnest in their work. This is so because they are as a class, more mature and have learned by experience to take a more serious view of life's struggle. If some of them have had practically no education to begin with, they need not be discouraged, for in any case they always start at the bottom, with the most elementary principles. Any man who has perseverance and a thirst for knowledge can overcome the lack of early education.

It is believed that the American School of Correspondence meets a long felt need on the part of ambitious mechanics, clerks, apprentices, teachers, farmers, students and business men for an opportunity of studying at home some branch of applied science under the guidance of teachers of a resident school of acknowledged standing.

Requirements for Admission

No entrance examination is required, nor is there any age limit. Applicants, however, must be able to read and write English and should be able to devote at least three hours per week to their studies.

How Correspondence Work is Conducted

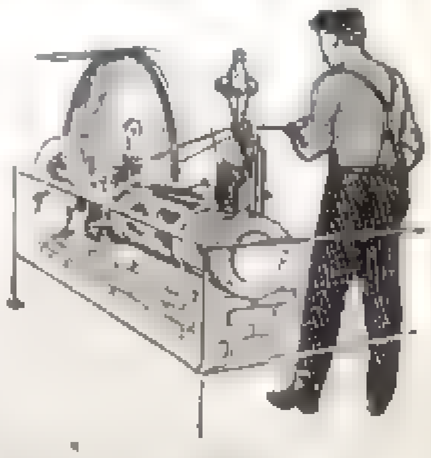
Upon enrolling, the student is furnished his first four Instruction Papers, together with full instructions how to begin work. The first Instruction Paper is taken up and read very carefully until each point is thoroughly mastered. The student then sends in an examination on that book to the school. This examination is carefully corrected, criticised and graded by the instructor. Corrections are made as to errors in facts, figures, punctuation, capitalization and grammar. Explanations and suggestions are made by the instructor. The student, in the meantime, is working on his next lesson paper.

Inquiry Blanks

Should the student meet with difficulty in his studies, he is expected to fill out an Inquiry Blank, furnished him by the School, which is mailed to the Instruction Department, receiving in reply a complete "Blackboard" explanation.

Instruction Papers

The Instruction Papers have been prepared especially for correspondence work by engineers and teachers of acknowledged standing, who, through long practical experience and training, are in a position to know the needs of correspondence students. The papers are frequently revised to keep them up-to-date in the best and latest engineering practice. Each subject is taken up from the beginning and thorough explanations are given in a clear and concise manner as the student progresses. They average about eighty pages each, are neatly bound and form a valuable reference work for the student after the completion of his course.



Employment Department

This department aids students and graduates in securing positions for which their training has fitted them. It also co-operates with employers, furnishing reliable, well-trained men. The School continually receives requests from manufacturers and engineering firms in all parts of the country for well-trained men from among its students and graduates, and the number of these requests exceeds the School's list of available graduates and advanced students. The School keeps in touch with manufacturing interests everywhere, and is thus able to lay out courses adapted to the student's needs. The School will always, upon request, advise any employer of the progress and educational capabilities of a student, or render any service to its students within its power.

What a Scholarship Includes

The tuition entitles the student to instruction until his course is completed. All text books and supplies are furnished free except drawing instruments and blank paper. The School pays postage on all letters and supplies sent by mail to the students.

Free use of Special Inquiry Department for consultation on all difficult mechanical problems. Free use of Employment Department. Free use of Patent Department. Benefit of School's discount on all technical books, publications, instruments, supplies, etc.

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If you wish more particulars and details as to the methods, list of instructors, references, etc., simply fill out the coupon with your name and address, age, occupation, course in which you are interested,—and mail it to us.

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Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Shop Practice	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES—It is possible to grow at each end of one plant something useful and ornamental.

SUMMER is the time to plant your palms. You put four or five seeds in a big pot, and by autumn the plants will be of handsome size and ready for the adornment of the drawing room. If you start them in the fall they will be suitable for winter use.

These remarks apply only to palms of a new kind, which are just coming into fashion. They are more easily recognized as plants of Indian corn, which, with their long glossy leaves and crowns of silky tassels, are properly to be regarded as among the most beautiful of "ornamentals." That the maize has not hitherto obtained appreciation from this viewpoint is due simply to the fact that it is common and grown for utility. But education in matters æsthetic is progressing, and people are beginning to realize that a thing does not have to be rare in order to be gratifying to the eye. Hence, it is likely that the corn-palm, having gained acceptance, will become fashionable.

Several other common vegetables of the garden are now being utilized for decorative purposes. For example, the exquisite foliage of the carrot is made available in this way, with flowers, often on dinner tables. The delicate, fernlike leaves of the ordinary asparagus used to be similarly employed, and at the present time florists turn special varieties of it to account quite extensively for helping out effects of greenery. Several kinds of beets are likewise grown for the sake of their brilliant red and yellow foliage.

In New England, not so very many years ago, the tomato was grown almost exclusively as an ornamental, under the name of "love apple," and at the present time rhubarb is beginning to be cultivated for the sake of its beautiful plume-shaped panicles of white flowers. Scarlet-runner beans have been raised in American gardens for a long time past, and in Europe, though not in this country, the seeds are eaten. Sweet peas are related to the every-day garden pea.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that, where garden vegetables are cultivated for their flowers or foliage, the edible part usually shows a tendency, as might be expected, to diminish in size.

FEATHERED COUNTERFEITS—Milady is not always so cruel as her new Easter bonnet would indicate.

ARTIFICIAL ostrich feathers, which come pretty near to the genuine article in appearance, are made nowadays out of silk waste, with quills of celluloid. But, in point of ingenuity, they are not a circumstance to the wild birds of rare, and often impossible, species that are manufactured out of the plumage of farmyard poultry. Geese, ducks, guinea-fowls, and especially chickens furnish much of the material used at the present time by milliners, whose supplies of the skins formerly so highly valued have been cut off to a great extent by laws forbidding their sale, passed in response to the appeals of the Audubon societies.

Some of the most beautiful "breasts" employed in the trimming of hats and winter coats are made of goose feathers, imported from Germany, which are sewn and pasted on pieces of cotton cloth, the work being done so artistically that nobody, save possibly an ornithologist, would suspect the cheat. The plumage of pheasants, swans and peacocks is utilized in similar ways, and it has been seriously suggested that there might be large profit in maintaining farms simply for the purpose of rearing such fowls (as is already done with ostriches) to furnish feathers for the millinery market.

Poultry feathers, when used in this way, are first cleaned, and then sorted according to size and quality. The resources of the dyer vastly extend their availability for the purposes of the manufacturer, who, from the farmyard alone, is able to supply a creditable counterfeit of almost anything that flies. Indeed, he does not hesitate to invent new species of colors to suit the prevailing fashion, and among his most notable achievements are artificial humming-birds, which are really quite wonderful imitations of those dainty feathered creatures.

Being unrestrained by any hard and fast zoological rules, the manufacturing milliner is always ready to create a bird for you to order. If he has no suitable species in stock he will make one to match your gown. Supposing, for example, that you happen to be in mourning, he will supply you with a parrot or two as black as any raven—though such a thing as a black parrot is unknown in nature—and, lacking a real bird-of-paradise if you want one, he will "compose" the fowl from a few odds and ends of unrelated materials.

Hundreds of goose feathers are used to make a single "breast," beautiful to the eye and lusciously smooth, which may be red, purple or variegated according to the taste of the customer. The dye-pot is a veritable magician's caldron in the hands of the up-to-date maker of milliner's goods.

HUMAN STORAGE BATTERIES—The body is charged while we sleep so that we can run at high pressure for the day.

RECENT investigations by Dr. Jacques Loeb and others seem to point to the conclusion that the nerve centres of the human body are in a true sense storage batteries charged with electrical energy. That nerve energy is electrical has been pretty well demonstrated and it is not unreasonable to imagine that what we call fatigue may be due to the temporary exhaustion of the battery-power. When a muscle is tired it is not the muscular fibres that have given out, but merely the nerve that energizes the muscle—a proposition which applies to the whole body, as well as to any part of it.

The batteries contained in the "wings" of the fish known as the "torpedo ray," which is able to inflict a shock that will stun a man or a horse, are regarded by anatomists as modified muscles. They are composed of an arrangement of cells, corresponding to small Leyden jars, in which electricity is stored through the medium of the nervous system—a fact proved by the circumstance that, when the connecting nerves are severed, the organs lose their power to give a shock. These organs, in fact, are true storage batteries, and the supply of electricity they contain can be exhausted by provoking the animal repeatedly to let loose its lightning.

It is much the same way with the so-called "electric eel," and with a species of catfish which is likewise a dealer in small thunderbolts. Unlike the torpedo ray, both of these fishes carry their storage batteries in their tails, but the structure is in its essential elements the same. Their supply of electricity is derived from the nerve centres, and the electrical organs cease to act when the nerves connecting them with the brain are cut. Observation of the phenomena described makes obvious the close relation between electricity and nerve energy.

When the human body is at rest the storage batteries which we call the nerve centres are slowly charged, so that, when one gets up in the morning after a good night's sleep, he is in condition to undertake a day's work. During the course of the day, if one is busily employed, the supply of energy is gradually dissipated, and by late evening so much of it may be gone that nature demands another period of repose in order to refill the battery cells. Such, though the theory is as yet more or less speculative, is the belief toward which science at present is leaning.

GOLDEN CORN SILK—The farmers of the country throw away thousands of dollars worth of it every year.

ONE of the most curious of our imports is corn silk. It is curious because, inasmuch as this is the great corn growing country of the world, we ought surely to have a plentiful supply of the silk without obtaining it from abroad. Nevertheless, it is a fact that many tons of it are shipped from Europe to the United States every year.

The reason is simply that our farmers have no idea that corn silk possesses any value. They throw it away, and so it comes about that dealers in this country are obliged to depend on the foreign product for their supply. Corn silk is useful as a drug material. It comes hither in a dried condition, and is utilized by the drug-makers either by soaking it in alcohol, which absorbs its virtue, or by extracting from it its active principle, maizenic acid, one-eighth of a grain of which is a medicinal dose. The acid is supposed to be an excellent diuretic.

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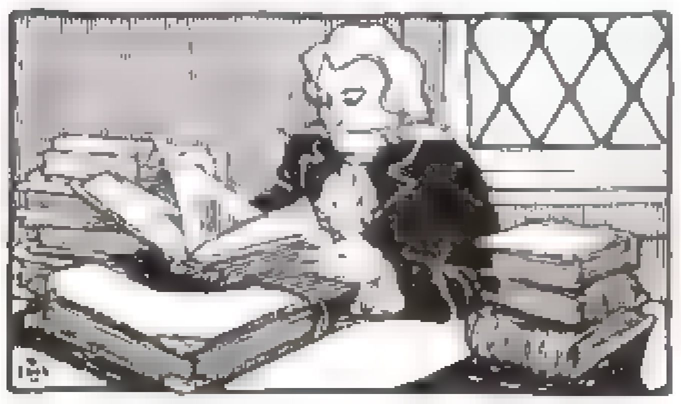
Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work



DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE — Judge Shute establishes a present identity by a precedent likeness

¶ In our issue of July 23 we published in parallel columns reproductions of a photograph of Judge Henry A. Shute, the author of Sequil and of The Real Diary of a Real Boy, and a pen drawing of himself by himself, which, though something by way of being a caricature, he considers the better likeness. In this connection we are in receipt from Judge Shute of a letter, from which the following extract may prove of interest to our readers:

". . . Yesterday I was in Roxbury, Massachusetts. In settlement of some business matters for a client I was obliged to cash a check.

"I had no acquaintance in Roxbury, and as it was necessary to be identified things were at a standstill. The cashier said he would accept documentary evidence, whereupon I went to a bookstore, procured a copy of THE POST and gave it to him. The proof was complete, and he cashed the check at once, as he said, on the evidence of the drawing rather than the photo."

DAUGHTERS OF DESPERATION — Narrating the adventures of three women in a plot, not to mention the dog.

¶ If you insist on a final analysis of Hildegarde Brooks' last book, Daughters of Desperation *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, you will have to be content to regard it as the doctrine of anarchy reduced to an absurdity. Happily, there is no necessity to search for the fly of serious purpose in the ointment of pure nonsense.

Your real booklover reserves a handy but inconspicuous shelf in his library for certain joy-giving books that defy classification. Alice is there and the Bab Ballads; also an anthology of nonsense verses. Coming down to a later time, there is place for Harold Frederick's March Hares and Herman Knickerbocker Viele's The Inn of the Silver Moon. On the same shelf — but not too near — should be found room for Daughters of Desperation.

In the effort to classify a book of this sort one strives in vain for the adjective that fits: whimsical, inconsequential, frivolous, fantastic; none of these is sufficient in itself. Could they be fused into a fine alloy — there would be the golden word! You are not in the least edified by Miss Brooks' latest book; neither your manners nor morals have been improved; your sum total of human knowledge has been but slightly increased — you've simply had a good, chuckling hour or two.

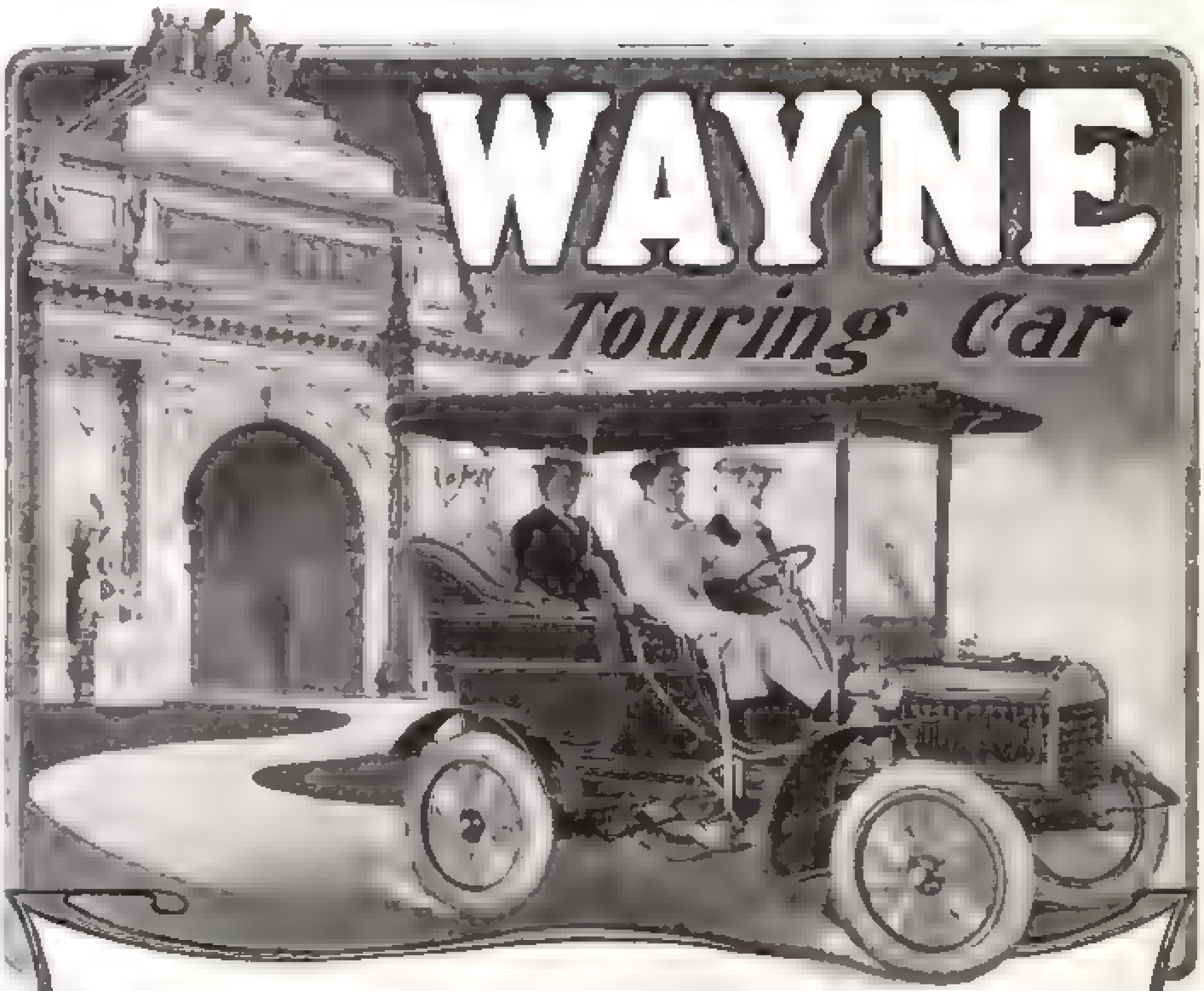
¶ **MINOR MENTION: Many old favorites** will be met again in the fourth edition of The Poems of Henry Abbey *(D. Appleton & Co.)*, and the author has added nine titles.

¶ **Another volume** in Mr. H. Irving Hancock's Jiu-Jitsu series is Physical Training for Children *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*, which adapts to specific uses the general principles enunciated in other volumes of the set.

¶ **The World Destroyer,** by Horace Mann *(The Lucas-Lincoln Company)*, is a short story of morbid psychology in the manner of Robert Chambers' Repairer of Reputations, but lacking the excuse of originality and delicate execution.

¶ **The thesis of Wolf von Schierbrand's Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness** *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*, is that by pursuing for another considerable length of time the present policy of foreign aggression and utter disregard of internal needs Russia is on the road to national perdition.

Recent events would seem to bear out Dr. von Schierbrand's contention.



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The Reading Table

His Delicate Sensibilities

DANIEL J. SULLY, the dethroned Cotton King, made a trip through the South last winter, and when he came back he told a story of an old negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind. One morning he came to his employer and said:

"I'se gwinter quit, boss."

"What's the matter, Mose?"

"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mumfs."

"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."

"Ef I don' git any more kicks I'se goin' to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'shamed of hisself and gimme a quarter. I'se done los' enuff money a'ready wid dis heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."

A Bloodless Duel

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Mississippi, says that two lawyers in his district had a difficulty, and common friends decided that nothing but blood-letting could settle the matter. Consequently a challenge was sent, duly acknowledged, and the hour set for the duel. One of the principals was a sufferer with St. Vitus' dance, and when they faced each other the afflicted man trembled from head to foot, and his pistol arm described more intricate curves than ever mathematician plotted. His adversary was perfectly cool and immovable. But before the signal to fire was given the man of self-possession laid his pistol down on the grass, walked into the woods, cut a stick with a fork at one end of it, then stuck it in the ground in front of the votary of St. Vitus, and said to his second: "I must request you to ask your principal to rest his pistol in that fork."

"What for?" inquired the second.

"I have no objection to running the risk of being shot once," he answered, "but I decline to have one bullet make a honeycomb of me. If that man ever hits me his bullet will fill me full of holes."

That was too much for the seconds. They began laughing, a truce was patched up, and no shots were exchanged.

Up and Down

SENATOR VEST used to tell a story of good luck and hard luck without a counterpart. He says: "One day while I was a member of the Confederate Congress I lost a month's pay somewhere on the streets of Richmond. Just as the woman in Scripture who lost a piece of silver called together her friends and neighbors and sought diligently until she found it, I called my friends and went with them on what seemed a hopeless search through the snow-covered, dimly-lighted streets of Richmond. The chances were a thousand to one against success. We hadn't been out fifteen minutes when a young lieutenant in our party stooped down and picked up my lost roll. I was in high glee and wanted to treat. We were piloted to a café which, pending some repairs, had a ladder of about a dozen rungs instead of stairs. We all climbed up, considering it a great lark, all the while talking about what a lucky fellow the young lieutenant was, and predicting great things for him. As we climbed down again the young lieutenant fell from the ladder and broke his neck."

IMPERTINENT POEMS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

PUBLICITY

There's nothing like publicity
To further that lubricity
Which minted cartwheels need
To maximize their speed
In your direction.
True, some hydropathist of stocks,
Or one whose trade is picking locks,
May make objection:
Yet even those gentry always lurk
Where booming first has done its work.

Observe how oft some foreigner,
About the size of coroner,
Can sell L O R D
(Four letters, as you see)
For seven numbers,
Because his trade-mark, thus devised,
Is advertised and advertised
Till it incumbers
The mental view, as though 'twere some
Bald-headed brand of chewing-gum.

Study your own psychology!
See how some mere tautology
Of picture, or of print,
Has realized the glint
Of your good money.
How often have persistent views
Of one bare head sold you your shoes!
Which does seem funny:
And yet 'twas headwork, after all,
Which helped the shoe man make his haul.

There's some obscure locality
In every man's mentality
Which, I am free to state,
I'd like to penetrate
For my felicity.
For now who gives a second look
When he perceives a POEM by Cooke?
But come publicity!
And then a poem by COOKE were seen
The first thing in the magazine!

GET NEXT

Chap. I, verse 1, is where you'll find
The text of what is in my mind
If, haply, you are so inclined.
Chap. I, verse 1 — the primal rule
For saint or sinner, sage or fool,
No matter what his church or school.
Though you may call it slangy solely,
Though you may term it flippant wholly,
Truth still is truth and is not vexed:
I write this rhyme to prove the text —
Get Next.

Suppose I sought some lonely height
And dipped a stylus in the light
Of welding worlds and sought to write
Upon the highest, deepest blue
My message to Sam Smith and you.
The chances are it would not do.
You would not risk your neck to read
My much too altitudinous screed,
And I, chagrined and half-perplexed,
Had missed you when I missed my text —
Get Next.

Suppose you have a breakfast food
Which you conceive I should include
Within my lat-and-longitude.
'Tis not enough to have the stuff,
But you must post, and praise, and puff,
Until I memo. on my cuff,
Among my most important notes —
Be sure to bring home Oatless Oats
And then you know that I'm annexed,
Because you followed out the text —
Get Next.

Get next! get next! and hold it true
There's one you must get nextest to,
And that important one is you.
Be not of those who, uncommuned
With their own skins, have all but swooned
From some imaginary wound,
But strip the rags from off your soul
And find you are not maimed, but whole!
'Tis but a fleabite which has vexed
As soon as you've applied the text —
Get Next.

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that is a little better
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SHOE
HE
EVER
WORE

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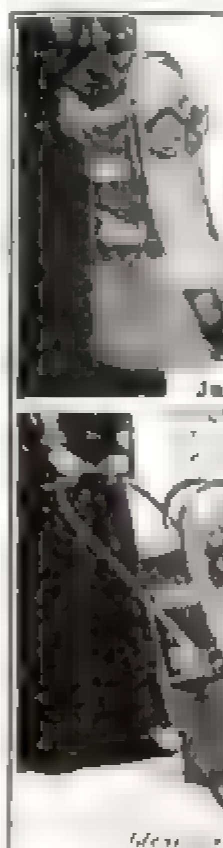
A. J. BATES & CO. [illegible], Webster, Mass.

THE Bates SHOE FOR BOYS



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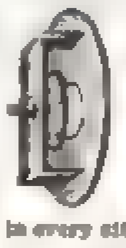

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Imperial Underwear Company
No. 106 Jefferson Ave., [illegible]

The Fall of a Financier

[illegible]

from the janitor and the price of the advertisements. He owed the Antiseptic twenty, but that could wait. There was a den partitioned off with stained pine in a corner of the room, the door bearing the legend "Manager" fortunately left by the former tenant. If the door had said "President" Parkinson would have been under the necessity of electing himself to that office.

At first the ominous quiet reminded Parkinson painfully of Wellington J. Jones & Co.'s just after a sale of the half interest. But about ten o'clock the outer door opened and the manager's door shut. That official heard Jimmy's cheerful treble and the chest notes of a female voice. His door opened to a middle-aged and determined looking lady, who, however, did not enter.

"Do you require a deposit in advance?" she demanded from the threshold.

"Oh, yes," the manager began, with his most engaging smile.

"Good-day," said the chest notes, and the lady sailed out before Parkinson could think of any way of stopping her.

"Guess we'll have to put a spring lock on the inside of the door," he commented to Jimmy as he scratched his head.

At eleven o'clock two girls came in, bashfully. They asked him numberless questions, agreed a dozen times that they thought it would be lovely, then said they would ask their mother, and floated away, quite charmed with the manager.

The manager himself went out and ate a sandwich. When he returned a young man who had been waiting came in, talked five minutes, shrugged his shoulders and departed.

Four o'clock came and not a dollar in. Then a hand was laid to the outer door. Parkinson ceased gossiping with Jimmy, dove into his den and took up the rôle of manager.

This caller was different—a dark-eyed slip of a woman about twenty-eight, neatly dressed. She introduced herself with a modest composure and listened attentively, her dark eyes following him as he recited his speech. He showed her his map on the wall. As she lived in the Twenty-fifth ward she'd better take district number 12, he thought. He dropped his finger in a careless way on the red number 7 and mentioned, incidentally, that the agent in 7 made $34 clear last week. She looked up into his face with a pleased surprise.

"The salary—is $15 a week, I understood," she said as they sat down to the table.

"That's right, fifteen," he affirmed; but some way he looked at the wall instead of at her.

"You see—I've never had any experience," she confessed. "I don't know that I could succeed. But I'm sure I'd do my best."

"Oh, I'm sure you'd succeed," he declared, still not looking into her soft eyes. He perceived that she did not wish to take any advantage of him.

"I should try hard to," she replied with a smile.

"I don't think there's any doubt about it. I'm satisfied you will." It seemed necessary to say something.

"And I'm to pay you twenty dollars now, you say?" she suggested.

"Yes'm."

She opened the pocketbook in her hand and laid two ten-dollar bills before him.

"You want a contract, you know," he said stoutly.

"Oh, do I?" she laughed. She found this sunburned, embarrassed manager quite pleasing.

He filled out the contract in silence and pushed it across the table to her. She took the pen in her small gloved hand. "And where do I sign?" she asked, without even glancing over the document.

The signed contract and the two ten-dollar bills lay on the table between them.

"You've never had much experience in business, I guess," he observed.

"No. Never any. I think it's a great mistake, too, for a woman not to know something about business. My husband died five years ago. I've lived with my father; but he's getting old. I must do something at once to earn some money, and I find I don't know how to do anything—unless it should be something like this."

Parkinson twisted his mustache rather fiercely and said nothing.

"I'm to take the things with me?" she said at length.

California

ROUND TRIP

Purpling grapes, ripening olives, the golden acres of vast wheat fields, richly laden orange groves and the wealth of the wine press make autumn on the Pacific Coast a season of peculiar interest to the visitor. This wonderland is less than three days from Chicago, and round-trip tickets Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles and return for $50.00 will be on sale daily, Aug. 15 to Sept. 10, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Correspondingly low rates from other points. These tickets are good via variable routes, going one way and returning another, enabling the traveler to return via the World's Fair at St. Louis and other points of interest. ¶ Personally conducted parties traveling on special itineraries leave Chicago August 18 and 25, making stops of a day each at Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City for interesting side trips.

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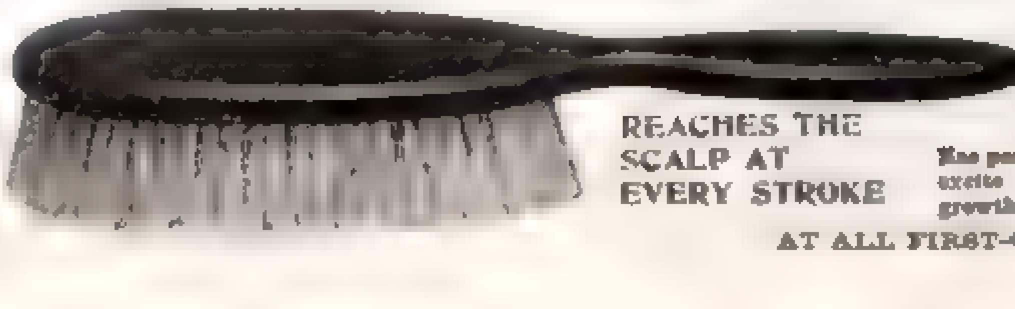

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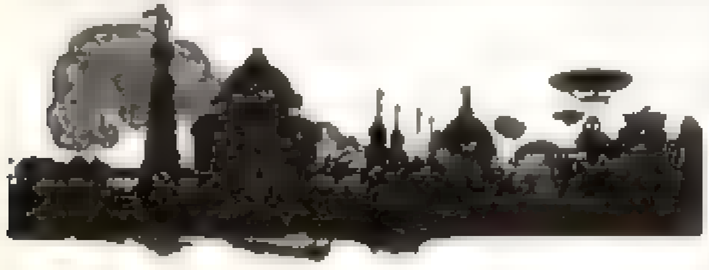
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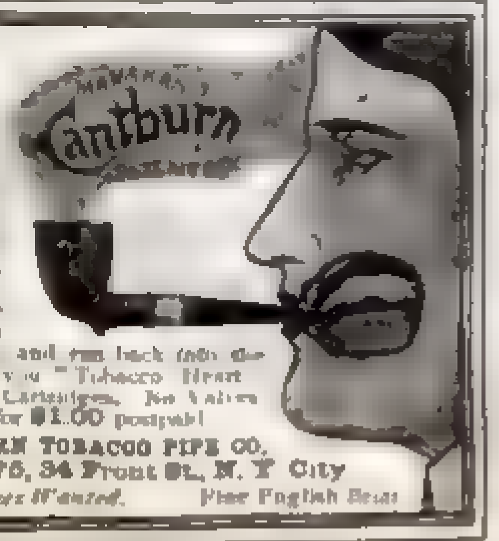

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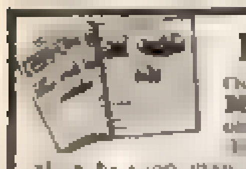
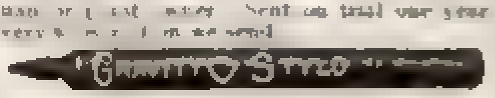

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MODERN MACHINERY PUBLISHING CO.
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"I'll tell you," said the manager, glowering at the table, "I'm expecting a fresh supply in in the morning. Maybe it would be better to start out with — a fresh supply. If you could come down ——"

"Oh, yes, certainly, if you think best," she assented

Again he was silent and she arose. He half hoped she would take the money, but that evidently never occurred to her. She paused at the door with a touch of embarrassment until he looked up, then she said "Good-day" with a smile and a nod and went out

The manager sat pulling his mustache, staring at the two ten-dollar bills, hoping somebody else would come in. If that belligerent female of the forenoon had returned he would have held her up and taken her money at the point of the revolver. But nobody came and at half past five Jimmy went home

Parkinson took up the two bills and looked them over. "She was just a baby," he thought "Guess the gun play would have been a mighty sight better." He had two dollars and thirty cents — and the twenty. He got a twenty-five-cent dinner in a cheap restaurant, and took the bills from his pocket and looked at them once more. "She was just a baby," he thought again, then, in his sort, he made a prayer to his gods and sought the square little poker game

The prayer worked for a while; then his gods went to sleep. At daylight he found himself standing on the empty sidewalk, thoughtfully feeling his stubbly chin — plumb cleaned out. "I suppose," he reflected, "this is about where I get off"

Yet he did not get off. Something prevented The way to Kansas was long, but not interminable for such legs as his; yet he did not start. Something prevented. And at nine o'clock he was back in the office — not expecting any callers excepting one She came in promptly, fresh and smiling

"Did the new supply arrive?" she asked, showing small white teeth as she sat down opposite the manager

"It didn't arrive," he said, and almost unexpectedly to himself he added, simply. "You see, the blame stuff's no good on earth, ma'am. You couldn't give it away to anybody except an agent that was looking for a salary"

Her eyes widened and she lost color a little. "But the salary?" she said

"There ain't any salary — till after you've sold a hundred boxes."

"Do you mean" — she hesitated over the word, but spoke quietly — "that you've taken my money ——"

"I have took — taken your money. I meant to give it back to you this morning. You see, I was up against it. I meant to give your money back. I poked — I played poker, thinking sure your money'd ought to win for me. But it didn't. I'm cleaned out. I just wanted to tell you."

She stared at his haggard face. "I suppose it was easy enough to take my money Almost anybody could have done that," she said with simple scorn.

"Why, yes, I reckon so," he assented docilely. "You see, I've been trimmed pretty lively myself of late — I mean swindled, since I came to Chicago. I came here from Kansas to go into the real-estate business. The man I was going in with handed me a gold brick and his friend sympathized with me so much that he handed me another. It took all my money and it kind of took my good nature, too. Seemed like the only way to get along in the city was in the gold brick line — so I started to trim somebody myself"

"I suppose you've been unfortunate. But I shouldn't have picked a woman."

"No'm, I wouldn't have picked a woman, either, in better moments."

"Can you pay me back my money?" she asked with a feminine simplicity which more than ever — as he looked across into her soft, dark eyes — convinced him that she was just a baby.

The question hurt him powerfully. He gnawed at the end of his mustache, got up and thrust his large hands into his trousers' pockets

"Yes, I can pay you back your money, and I will," he said. "You see, I made some money easy and I got to thinking I was too smart to work. But I was a pretty fair carpenter before I started in being a J. Pierpont Morgan. I'll get a job to-day and I'll pay you back your money, Mrs. Bennett I want to pay it right into your own hands — two ten-dollar bills — myself."

"I'm sure you may do that," she said with a faint blush

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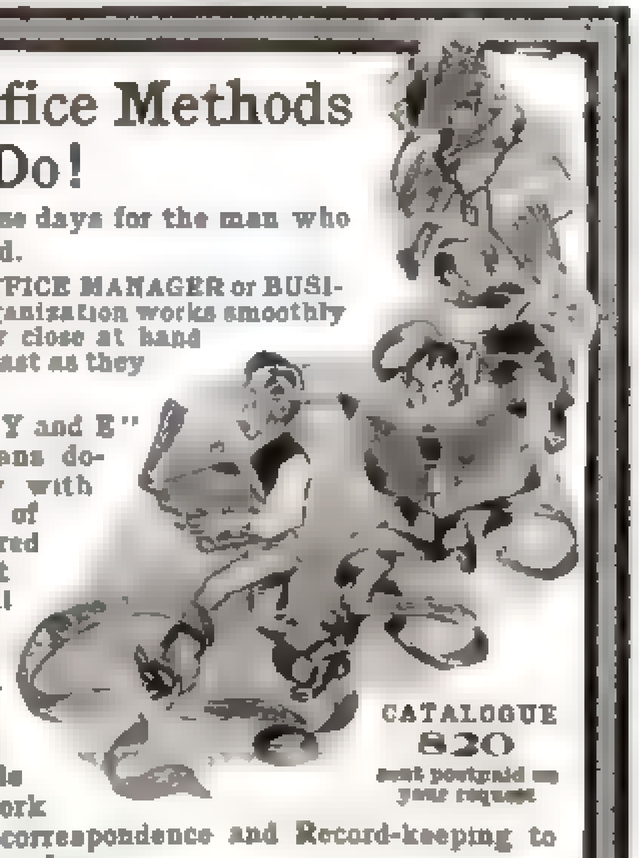
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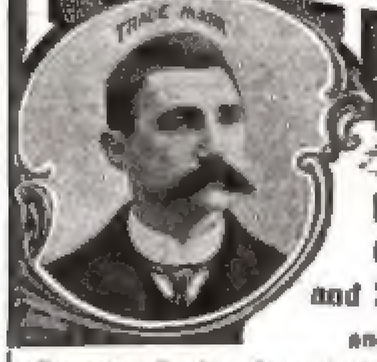

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The Star Man

(Concluded from Page 7)

"It is just as well to know," murmured the Star man, adding: "I am much obliged for your delightfully frank statement. It shall appear to-morrow in the Howler—side by side with your appointments." He turned on his heel and went to the elevator.

Escaping the glances of the crowd which marveled at a man so reckless as publicly and deliberately to incur the anger of the Tyrant, the Star man hurried to the political man's room.

Somewhat scornfully, for he had no great idea of the Star man's ability, the Howler's political man explained that he had obtained his list by paying for the copy of another man's dispatch, filed at the telegraph office. The whole truth flashed before the Star man in a second. The Howler had been made the victim of a hoax, the plan for which he had overheard at the telephone early in the evening. Without waiting to explain or expostulate with the political man, the Star man went quickly to the telephone. It was after one o'clock and there were only a few minutes to spare to save the Howler from becoming the victim of the Tyrant's spite. In his anxiety to get his office, the Star man clean forgot his experience at the telephone exchange.

"585 Cortlandt!" he almost shouted when he heard the exchange on the wire. "Hallo! is that you again?" came a somewhat saucy voice. A shade of annoyance crossed the man's face. This was no time for fooling.

"Yes," he said, "that's me; but, for Heaven's sake, hurry up!"

"Sorry," came the reply; "but I'm rather busy. Hold the wire a second."

With three frantic "Hallos," which received no response, the Star man swallowed an oath that would have done credit to the Tyrant. He writhed on the little telephone stool and simultaneously glanced at the clock whose hands were at half-past one. In a few minutes it would be too late. He heard the switches working and cursed his foolishness for making too free with a telephone-girl. Once more he was about to invoke her immediate attention fiercely, when he heard through the receiver he now clutched so frantically: "Here you are. Got a pencil? Take it down and read it to the boys. This is the full slate. It was only decided upon a few minutes ago."

The voice was the voice of the Tyrant's lieutenant, whom the Star man had overheard earlier in the evening. Instinctively he followed instructions, took a pencil, and wrote according to dictation. Where the voice of the lieutenant came from the Star men knew not, but the authenticity and priceless value of the information was unmistakable.

In less than five minutes, almost breathless with surprise and excitement, he had before him every appointment for the forthcoming administration of the city of New York. The conversation ended. The list in front of him was different in every detail from the false one which the Howler must even now be printing. In a frenzy of energy the Star man rung the bell.

"585 Cort——," he shouted, but before he could finish he was told they were already on the line waiting for him.

In shorter time than it takes to tell, the Star man had saved the Howler from ignominious public and serious personal defeat. To be sure, the paper had to be stopped and the first page "made over," but the Howler that New Year's morning came out with the only correct list of appointments; for, since the Tyrant's chosen correspondents had sent in their lists, several minor changes had been decided upon, which the Tyrant had not remembered or had not thought sufficiently important to mention.

And when the noise and confusion and jubilation which the Star man's message caused in the office of the Howler were cut off from his ears, he heard a laughing voice saying: "Too bad you had to wait so long for the Howler! Hope you won't report me for delay!"

A sudden buzzing of wires, broken at intervals by catches of happy laughter, quite drowned all that the Star man was trying to say to the village telephone exchange which had saved him from defeat.

. . . .

The managing editor sent a magnificent wedding gift, and signed himself, "Ever yours gratefully." The proprietor of the Howler presented, by cable, a nicely furnished house, in which, by special stipulation of the Star man's bride, there was no telephone.

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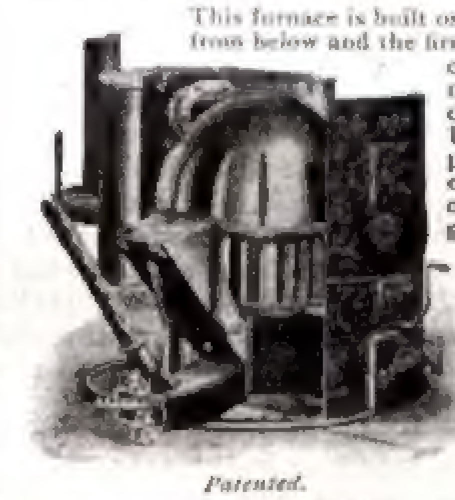
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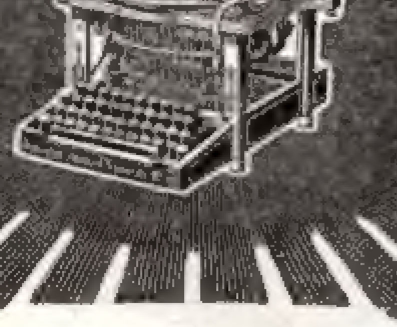

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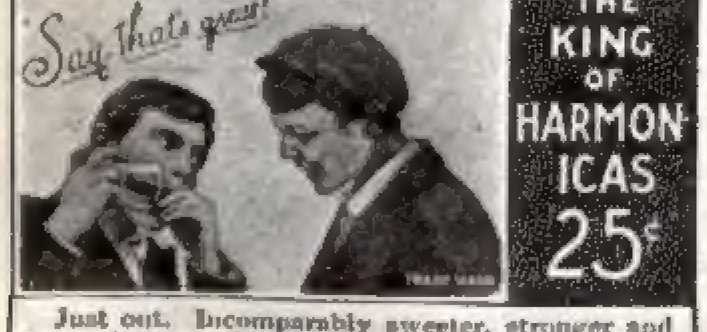
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Merchant Princes of Old New York

(Concluded from Page 11)

For some time it had been a matter of common talk that daughter after daughter of the very richest of them had been carried off in holy matrimony by young men of the most impecunious sort; and before long the exasperated parents awakened to the fact that these young men were all alike ex-drygoods clerks. After that other facts were disclosed, confessions were made, a whole plot was laid bare! It was learned that those drygoods clerks — and there were not less than forty of them altogether — had more than two years before formed a union with the object of marrying the wealthiest girls available. "They took a secret oath of mutual aid and protection, and they curled each other's hair on Saturday nights." Their first move was to begin to teach in one of the most stylish of the New York Sunday-schools — and of a conspiracy organized with such businesslike thoroughness and such Mephistophelian craft need there be any further story told? From the first it had been signally and devastatingly successful. "Their piety game was the card that won," swore a fierce old buck who had been thrust aside by one of them. And as the full details gradually came out, it is painful indeed for us to dwell upon the fury of those most high-stomached Knickerbockers. Whether or not their own offspring had been inveigled from them, it was all one. Try to imagine what must have been the feelings of a Dominick Lynch, "who knew all the peerage and imported his own Château Margaux"; or of the Griswolds, who regularly exchanged presents with the Sultans of Muscat and Zanzibar; or of George A. Ward, who for years had been calling for the formation of a New York aristocracy, and who, when he went to Europe in a cholera year, wrote back: "I understand that it does not touch the higher classes, and consequently I have no dread of its approach!"

The Hated Commercial Agency

Alas, iniquitous Carnes Brothers and unprincipled Philadelphians and conspiring drygoods clerks were not the worst. There had already been engendered an enemy of a hostility far more sinister to that high and mighty dignity of old merchantdom. In the years between 1830 and 1834 the firm of Arthur & Lewis Tappan had stealthily organized the first "commercial agency." To our modern minds commercial agencies belong essentially to those conditions of life which must have existed from the beginning — being, like taxes, and subscription lists, and insurance dues, part of the gloomy but natural order of things. Our grandfathers had no such craven point of view. With them it was as if the spy and the informer had attempted to legalize their business by offering their services at a regular commission. For years any man who availed himself of their information was only less blown upon than he who furnished them with any. And the power for offense in the business was further heightened by those thousand baseless apprehensions which have always attached themselves to the unknown. It was said that if a man bought his wife a handsomer birthday present than had been his custom that fact immediately went down in the Tappan books, and not to strengthen his credit but to take from it! It was believed that if you began to fall off from your church-going average that detail was also noted; that if you were seen to leave a concert for five minutes at the intermission, the Tappan myrmidon, always present, would covertly draw down his cuff and chronicle the fact. . . . But the lordly merchants of Manhattan still told one another that if they but stood together they might yet preserve their pristine state. *Eheu*, this modern enterprise was already at the heart of them; and of all their circle it had infected even the most revered and hoary-headed! In the late thirties there still existed the ancient but never wholly honorable order of "Battery walkers." "Battery walking" was no formal observance, and the distinguished merchants who maintained it could rarely find any fellowship more welcome than their individual own. The "walk" comprehended the circuit of the lower South Street piers. It took place at dawn, if not even earlier, and it was understood that the salt air of the Upper Bay possessed at the pre-auroral hour medicinal values to be found in it at no other. Apart from that, too, it was always possible that during the night one of the Blackball or Swallowtail or new Dramatic Line packets might have warped in; and it was naturally a gratification to be the first man on 'Change in the New World to hear the latest word from the markets of the Old.

Of so great benefit, indeed, had "Battery walking" been to old "Nat" Prime, who lived in Battery Place, and to the venerable Stephen Whitney, his neighbor hard by at No. 1 Broadway, that they were both wont to repeat the health-bestowing constitutional the last thing at night before they went to bed. And late in the Christmas Eve of 1838, just as the two old gentlemen chanced to meet below Roosevelt's shipyard, what should push shadowishly up the East River but one of the "Saint" ships — the St. Andrews. She had never made a fast run before, and here she was now, back from London a week before even her owners, the ever-sanguine Kermits, could have hoped to see her! . . . It was embarrassing, but the aged pair were together, and together, perforce, in a tremor of haste, they privily sought the pilot. And news he *had* — there was no doubt of that!

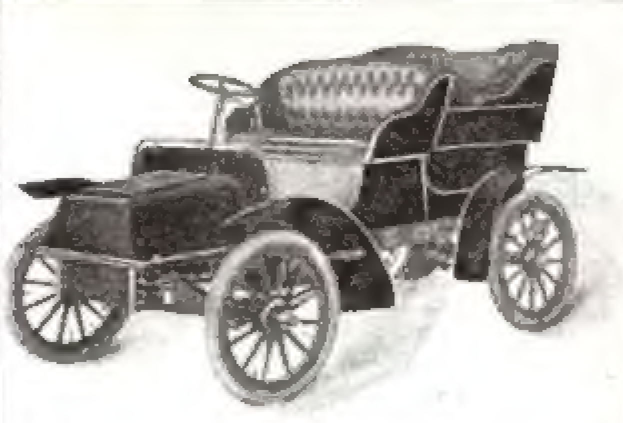
Breathing hard in their agitation, but luxuriously licking their weazened lips withal, they hurried back to Whitney's, and there they had such a hoarsely-whispered conference as might well have shamed two ancient stage nobles plotting the taking off of kings; and they ended by resolving to do something which none of their generation had ever dreamed of doing before. Walter Barret, Whitney's confidential clerk — whom we have heard of earlier — was haled from his bed; and then there were made out to him in that back parlor at No. 1 Broadway letters of credit for a cool million of dollars; for those two were among the five richest men in New York. Yet of actual currency in hand they had almost none, and it was hours too late to raise any through the ordinary channels. They made the circuit of the hotels and gave their notes for whatever was available in the cash-boxes; at the Willard luck was with them and they got more than $1000, and Barret was amply provided. The aged pair saw him into a skiff bound for the New Jersey shore. While on the way over he took a final look at a brace of horse-pistols and then strapped them under his riding cloak. It was not his business, however, to do any picturesque slaughter for future publication, but to beat the mails to New Orleans by as many business hours as was in any wise possible.

The First Corner of the Century

He made for the Mississippi by way of Wheeling, Virginia. He did most of the first third of the journey in the saddle, but when he had to take time to sleep he made use of a stage-coach. If a horse gave out Barret went ahead on the freshest still remaining. Once out on the big river, what steamers he boarded put off no more freight, and often enough no more passengers, until they had reached their destination; and when Barret had reached *his* destination, though he did not arrive too ostentatiously, he was two full days ahead of the New York mails. . . . . When they finally came in they brought word that at Liverpool cotton had gone up from ten to eighteen. At nine and ten Barret had bought until his million was exhausted. He was afterward given two hundred bales, worth some sixty dollars a bale, as his own commission on the operation. Owing to the fact that buying on a margin of less than twenty per cent. was still regarded aloofly, he had not taken everything in sight, and hence it can hardly be called a corner; but it was something as mercilessly near a corner as America had yet known.

In New York a hundred august cotton men, the proudest of the proud, had been deliberately overreached in a way to make all Olympia fall a-weeping. Through the quiet places of their fields of commerce, of their financial vines and fig trees, those two sinful grandads had gone like a pair of ancient, firebrand-bearing foxes, and all behind was devastation.

That such a crime had even been attempted proved but too well that the good old times were over. There had dawned the impious ruthlessness of our modern era.



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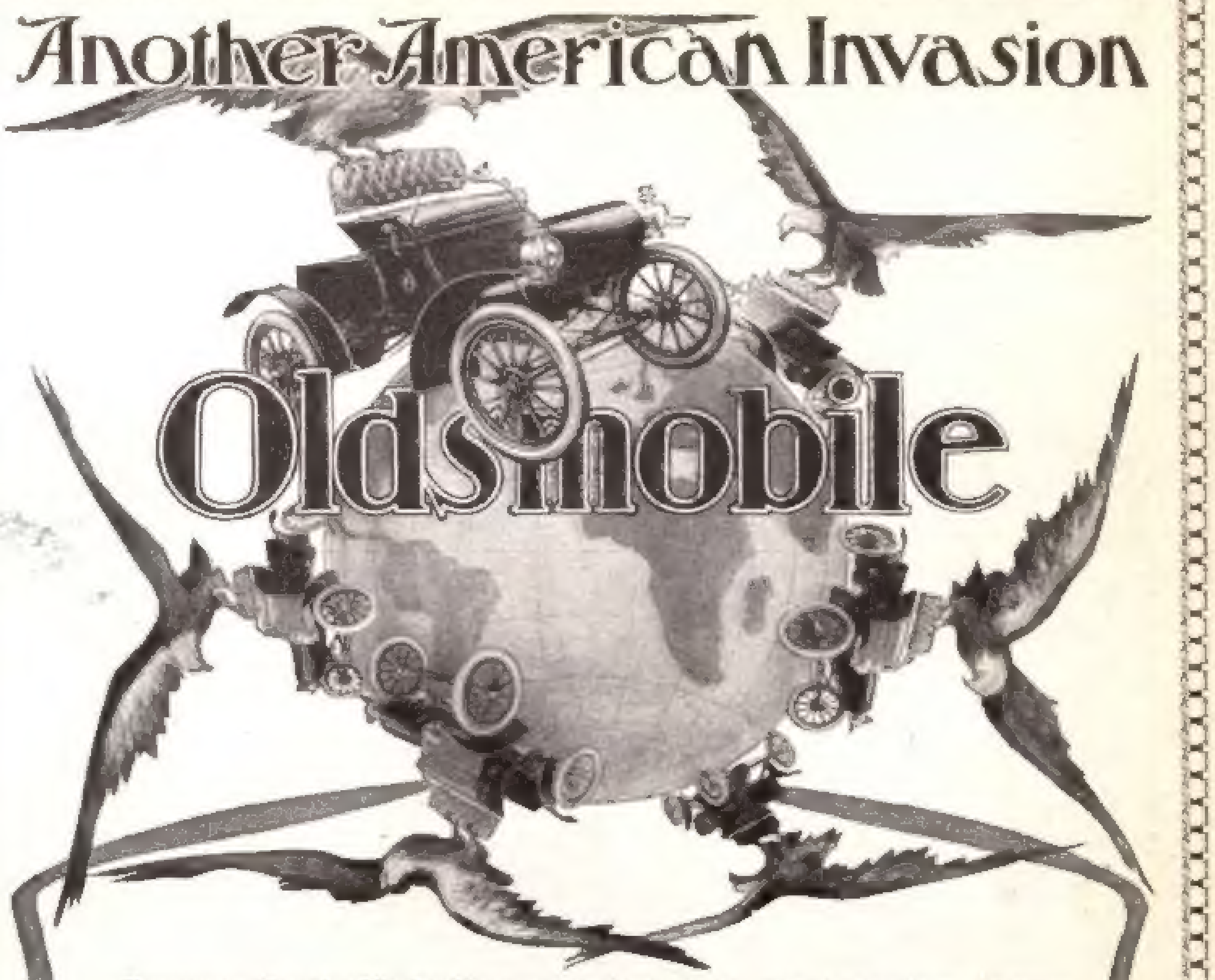

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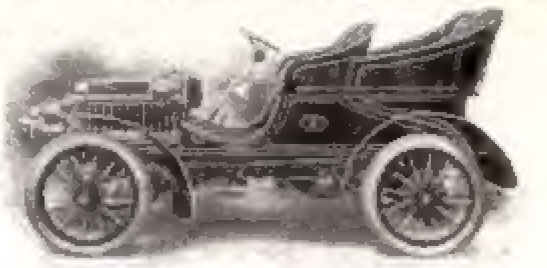

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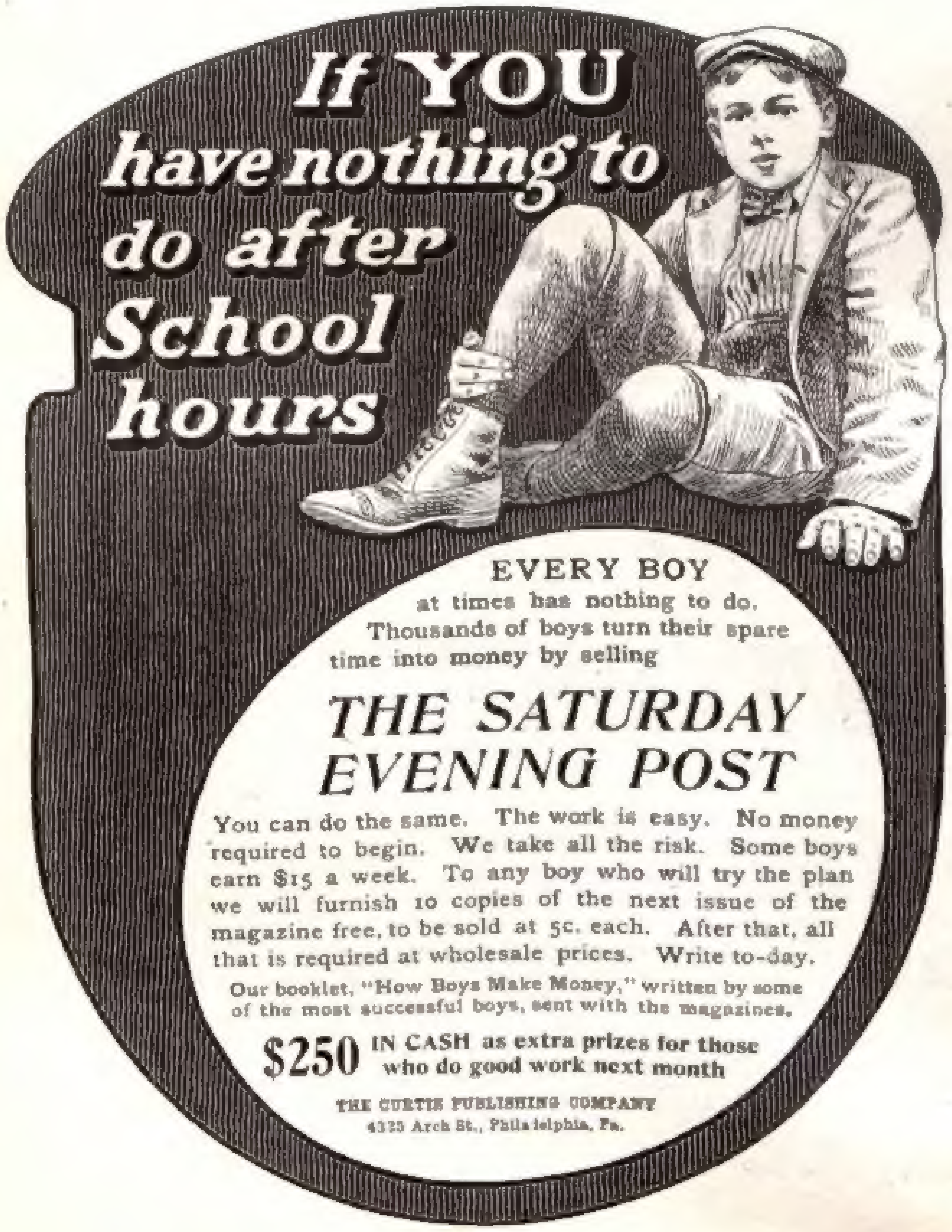
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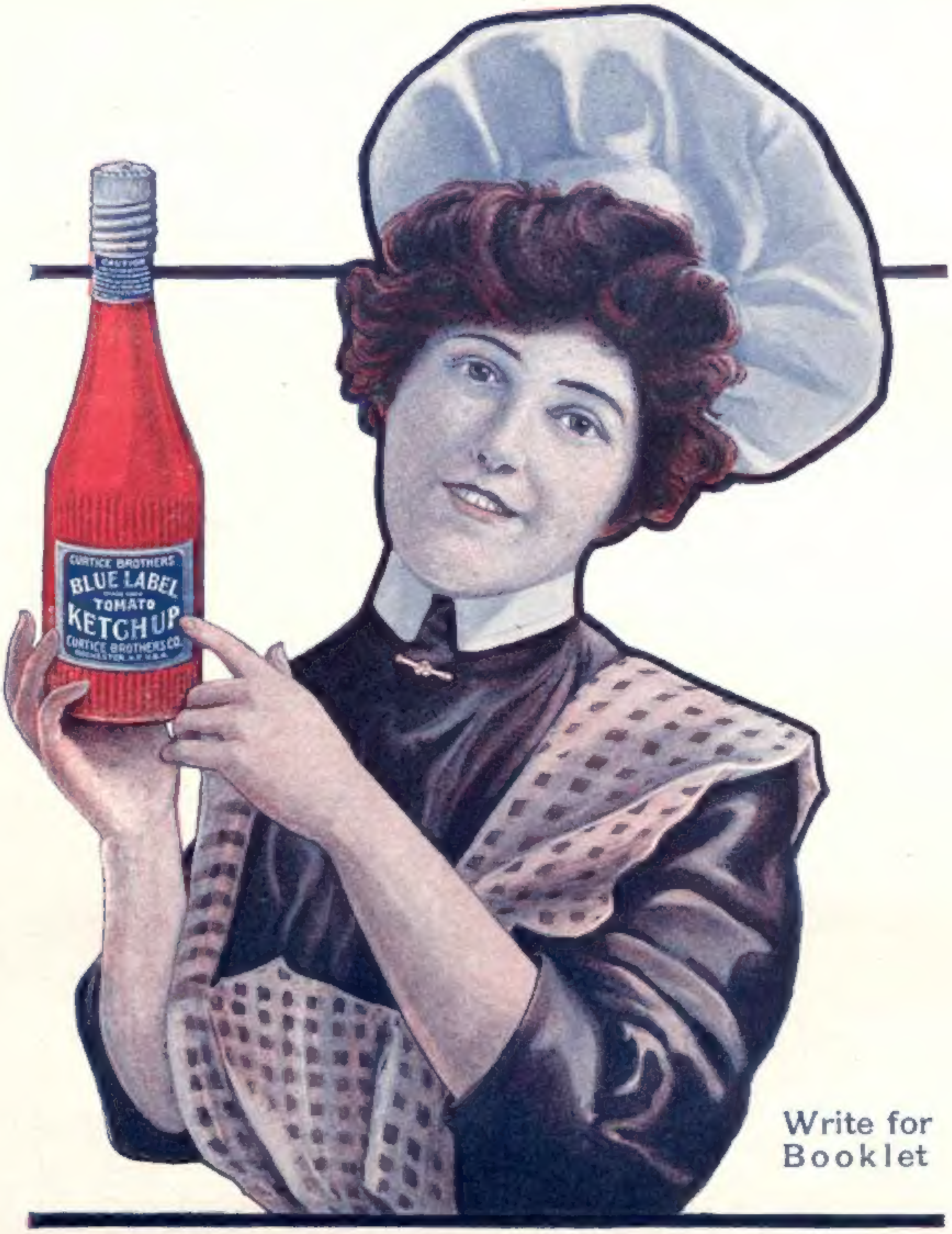
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